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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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The Fatal Ending

TWO good books* have come out of California, the first real novel of a great humorist, Harry Leon Wilson, and a new saga of the Sierras by Thames Williamson, whose name has hitherto been unknown to fame.

What do you mean when you say that a humorist has written a serious book? Not, certainly, that he has stopped smiling at life, but rather that he is no longer trying to make you laugh at his stories. He tells his tale now with sober attention to its truth, which may be humorous or may be tender, and this is what Mr. Wilson does in his story of the last descendants of the opulent days of the mother lode in the Sierras. A great mansion of the 'seventies, decaying in a decaying village, hides the wrecks of the Tedmond family: Wiley "the prancer," who from his paralytic bed still tries to beat the stock exchange, his unconquerable optimism symbolized by the silk hat, ready brushed for him each morning; Marcy, the dilettante, the gentleman of the family, carefully made abroad so that money could be spent in an aristocratic manner, now carrying his pathetic cane on his walks under the Sierras; Sarah, slaving for them all, dreaming of escape, until she steals the silver door knobs and is gone down the grade to the city; the little girl, the heroine, who grows up, and escapes too, and comes back because she must—all this is a California worth a thousand movie backgrounds, and these "characters" in the old sense, the men particularly, are such as Mark Twain could draw or Dickens, but very few moderns. Two hundred and thirty-seven pages of "Cousin Jane" are as good as anything in American fiction, and that is enough to prove that Mr. Wilson may be Mr. Howells's successor, and better, if he wishes to leave satire for the ampler study of human nature viewed all round.

Mr. Williamson's book is a slighter achievement, yet in its own way it is as skilful. "Run Sheep Run" is one of those elemental plots told in simple narrative that have often made the world's greatest stories, a tale of a herder who left alone in the Lost Mountains with his dogs and two thousand sheep, narrows his taciturn soul until in an irritable jealous agony he maims his dog and kills the old prospector on the next ridge. Then comes a mountain idyll with brutish sheep-herder love and an Indian summer of delight; last a blazing catastrophe of fire-wrapped mountains about trapped man and girl and sheep. And it is told in a rhythm of dusty foothills up to Spring in the roaring valleys, summer under the white sun of the Sierras among the yellow pines and sequoias, to autumn and frost and fire. Two hundred and thirty-six pages of this book are as good as "Maria Chapdelaine," better certainly than anything that has come out of the Sierras since Muir's rare passages of lyric prose amidst his incoherencies.

At page 237 Mr. Wilson wearies of human character and seeks in his old merry fashion to have some fun with the human race. His heroine encounters the movie world, meets San Francisco, and passionately conquers in a few chapters costume, cosmetics, and the artifice of being a hotel woman. It is good fooling in the "Bunker Bean" manner but the effect is like fitting a chapter from "Gulliver's Travel" at the end of "Vanity Fair," or adding a story by Max Beerbohm to the "Forsyte Saga." And though Jane returns to reality the story never quite recovers its immense

(*Continued on page* 292)

Upper Park Avenue

By JOSEPH AUSLANDER

THE pavement ringing under my heels is hard
As the bell-metal; the houses on the street
Stare at the passer-by from their retreat
Of steel: this is the sanctity they guard,
This grim domestic fortress, double-barred,
Where only the anointed and élite
May purr and agitate on papal feet
And your admission flutters in a card.
What are these walls that cut into the sun,
Scissor the sky in little cubes and squares,
Rhomboids and arcs beyond which no blue dares
Penetrate and no casual radiance run? . . .
Dawn, crash into this plaything with your hoof
And send white daylight roaring through the roof!

This Week

"Skin for Skin." Reviewed by *Louis Kronenberger.*

"Ladies of Lyndon." Reviewed by *Lee Wilson Dodd.*

"Piano Quintet." Reviewed by *Lloyd Morris.*

"Studies from Ten Literatures." Reviewed by *Arthur W. Colton.*

"Tolerance." Reviewed by *Theodore A. Miller.*

"One Man's Life." Reviewed by *Ernest S. Bates.*

"Joan of Arc." Reviewed by *Dana C. Munro.*

"Windows of Night." Reviewed by *Theodore Maynard.*

The Bowling Green. By *Christopher Morley.*

"Hamlet" in Modern Dress. By *Austen K. Gray.*

Next Week, or Later

An Englishman Presumes. by *John Middleton Murry.*

"Manhattan Transfer," by *John Dos Passos.* Reviewed by *Sinclair Lewis.*

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Conrad Contest Awards

First Prize, $500 ..... *Samuel C. Chew*
Second Prize, $250 ..... *David Lambuth*
Third Prize, $50 ..... *J. Delancey Ferguson*
Fourth Prize, $50 ..... *Donald Davidson*
Fifth Prize, $25 ..... *Richard Butler Glaenzer*

The names of the winners of Conrad volumes will be announced next week.

Essays on "Suspense"

I

SAMUEL C. CHEW
(*First Prize*)

"WHAT songs the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture." It is in this same category of problems which "admit a wide solution" rather than in that other category of those unanswerable save after consultation with "the provincial guardians, or tutelary observators" that the question falls of the probable or possible solution of the entanglement of Joseph Conrad's unfinished romance, "Suspense." There are, indeed, two questions: How would Conrad have finished his story? and: How might it be finished? The answer to the former question, if it ever descended to his mind from the knees of the gods, lies buried with the tale-teller in Canterbury, unless (which is quite possible) he may have left rough notes or a preliminary draft in which the secret is disclosed.

* * *

It was in the garden at Bishopsbourne that I last saw Mr. Conrad. He had just completed "The Rover" and described himself as "mentally exhausted," though his conversation was far from bearing out the statement. The newspapers, reporting that he had just returned from a quest for "local color" in Corsica and Elba, were then publishing hints of a new Napoleonic romance upon which he was engaged. I took these hints to refer to "The Rover;" but with a sigh and a characteristically impatient shrug he told me that a much more ambitious story had been for long on the stocks. I did not press him to talk about the book, for the subject seemed to cause him some distress and my impression was that its conduct was as difficult a problem as he had ever tackled; and though the tale had already occupied his thoughts for a long while I am not certain that at this time he had yet untied to his own satisfaction the knots of its entanglements. At all events, he said nothing except that the scene was laid in part in Genoa and that the time of the story was the period of Napoleon's first exile.

* * *

From the published fragment a few things may be adduced with some assurance. For one thing: though the shadow of Napoleon falls in increasing darkness over the narrative, the Emperor himself was not to be a prominent actor, was not to have a "speaking part," in the drama. Cosmo Latham, bound evidently for Elba when the tale breaks off, would see him; Napoleon would appear with brief incisive clarity as does Lord Nelson in "The Rover." But it would have been unlike Conrad to draw a full-length portrait of a great character of the real Past. Conrad's imagination, drawing hints from his own experiences, peopled the world of his romances.

The action of "Suspense" begins as the winter sun is setting over the Gulf of Genoa and, to the point where the fragment stops, covers (if we except the retrospective review of the earlier life of the Lathams and the d'Armands) but two days. Such concentration, though not without parallels, is not the general rule in Conrad's romances; but the method once adopted, it is unlikely that the story was planned to occupy any great subsequent length of time. Napoleon escaped from Elba on the last day of February, 1815. It is, then, proba-

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ble that it was *late* winter when Cosmo met Attilio on the jetty. It follows that but a few days were to pass from the time when young Latham arrived in Genoa to that great day when Napoleon landed on the shores of Provence. Far beyond that event the story was not to penetrate.

The problem which challenged Conrad's genius is this: How did the escape from Elba affect the character and influence the fortunes of the persons in his tale? The shadow of the event that was to culminate at Waterloo already darkens the Genoese palace where lives the Count Helion de Montevesso with his wife Adèle and her father, the Marquis d'Armand. The old Marquis is a product of the *ancien régime*; a former emigré, a Bourbonist serving the royal house in an official capacity at Genoa. The Count is no such simple figure. He is a vulgarian and a parvenu; sinister reports surround and follow him; but he is not entirely bad—the office of villain of the piece is reserved for his half-savage niece. Helion is not unallied with the revolutionary forces active in Italy which look to Napoleon as a possible savior from Austrian and papal tyranny. The mysterious doctor whom Cosmo meets at the inn is in the Count's confidence; Cantelucci, the inn-keeper, is in intimate league with the physician; and Attilio, in whose company Cosmo sets out for Elba, is Cantelucci's agent. The chain is thus complete from Count Helion to Napoleon; and it is fitting that while the gallant, dignified, and decrepit Marquis personifies the Bourbon cause, the mushroom Count, the plotting physician, the revolutionary inn-keeper, and the bold secretive Attilio symbolize the cause of "Earth's chosen, crowned, unchallengeable upstart"—Napoleon. Between her father the Marquis and her husband the Count is the fair and unfortunate Adèle, with whose fortunes Cosmo's are allied by remembrances of childhood and by love.

It was evidently intended that the crash of the conflict so soon to reverberate through Europe should have an echo in the lives and character of these people. Cosmo would reach Elba shortly before the departure of Napoleon. The documents carried by Attilio (which for a while found so unsafe an asylum in Cosmo's hat) contained perhaps news of Fouché's plot—the news which brought Napoleon to a decision. The sailing of the *Inconstant* and her accompanying flotilla (an event perhaps witnessed by Cosmo and rich in possibilities for typical Conradian sea-scape) would prompt the young man to return with all speed to Genoa, where Napoleonic success would bring peril to the old royalist Marquis and to his daughter. Conrad's interest lies not in the great "Clash of Peoples" nor in the motives of dynasts and potentates but in the effect of great personalities and great events upon this group of human beings. The shock of the event would intensify diverse traits to a heroic or a devilish pitch. It was here that the public or Napoleonic *motif* was to intermingle in subtle counterpoint with the intimate *motif* of Cosmo's and Adèle's dawning love. And just as Napoleon's landing would bring to a head the political antagonism of the Marquis and the Count, so would it stimulate to fury Clelia's passionate love for Cosmo which would be turned to jealous rage on the discovery of his attachment to Adèle. It is evident that a gruesome scene was preparing in which this sinister little figure (for which Conrad's tales afford various parallels) would play her part. Very possibly it was intended that she should inform her uncle Helion of the love between Cosmo and the Countess. In this way the climax of the story would be brought about: a struggle between Latham the English gentleman and Montevesso the plebian of more than dubious antecedents. Towards some such climax the story was certainly tending. The duty to rescue the Countess from her unhappy marriage and her father from Napoleonic conspirators would rouse Cosmo Latham from that spiritual depression and mental lethargy upon which so much emphasis is thrown in the earlier portion of the tale.

Moreover it is certain that the climax would involve not the "public" but the private or "intimate" *motif* of the story. Napoleon's escape from Elba was accompanied by no scenes of violence which would lend themselves to Conrad's design; and Conrad would certainly not have falsified history by introducing them. In the outcome, Adèle was to win release from her marriage, probably by Montevesso's death. Whether this was to be accomplished at Cosmo's hands is uncertain. On the one hand a scene might be easily devised in which Cosmo slays him in self-defense; on the other, it is unlikely that Conrad would have been willing to stain his hero's hands with blood, however innocently. What is certain is that the *macabre* Clelia would have had her share in the blood-shedding. Thereafter Clelia would return with the old women who dwelt in Helion's palace to her wild mountains; and Adèle would be left free to marry Cosmo.

For I think that the story was moving to a "happy ending." In his later years there was some evidence that Conrad's eyes were on a larger public than had been captured by his great earlier books. The tragic ending, though not completely discarded, was often ameliorated by a happiness (even if but transitory) bestowed upon the more youthful characters in the tale. Cosmo Latham, his soul's quality tried in a fiery ordeal, would win final happiness.

II

David Lambuth

(Second Prize)

LIFE being unpredictable, and its object, as Conrad suggests, not "ethical" but "spectacular," the drama of a perplexed humanity is everywhere a drama of suspense. We can neither predict nor determine the outcome of the play, but we can dictate, from within, the manner of our playing. "The temporal world rests on a few very simple ideas. It rests notably, amongst others, on the idea of fidelity." Even fidelity, as Conrad admits, may by some be called an illusion, and "it is respectable to have no illusions—and safe—and profitable—and dull!" As for Conrad, he returns again and again to the yearning contemplation "of the illusions that give joy,.. sorrow,..pain,..and peace; of the invincible illusions that can make life and death appear serene and inspiring."

These illusions, together with the vital instincts that drive man to courageous activity, give human life its value in the face of the insoluble riddle of the universe. For it is not conventional success, but the physical and spiritual satisfaction of activity that validates life. "In our activity alone do we find the sustaining illusion of an independent existence, as against the whole scheme of things of which we form a helpless part." In this view the spectacle of life is one "for awe, love, adoration, or hate, if you like, but...never for despair."

What Sir Charles Latham most deprecated in the contemporary chaos were "the forces that pushed people to rash or unseemly action: actions that seemed dictated by despair and therefore wore an immoral aspect." Despair, for Conrad, is always the last impiety. And it invariably exacts its toll. It is by way of contrast, perhaps, that we get in "Suspense" the adventurousness of Cosmo. "For Englishmen especially, of all the races of the earth, a task, any task, undertaken in an adventurous spirit acquires the merit of romance." And the merit of which Conrad speaks is the merit of self-determination.

Napoleonic Europe, with its welter of conflicting forces, with its hopeless tangle of loyalties, of greeds, of aspirations, wherein individual fates sink into insignificance, and through the complexity of which no man can see clearly either meaning or end—this is an appropriate stage for a Conrad drama, without solution and without finality, save the finality with which each individual achieves spiritual success or failure, in the measure of his own faithful and courageous participation. The end of life, like the end of art, "is not in the clear logic of a triumphant conclusion...It is not the *Why* that matters so much to our happiness as the *How*...*Il y a toujours la manière*. Very true. Yes. There is always the manner."

The story of "Suspense" is a story of divided and tested loyalties, of fidelities complicated by mistakes of the past and by uncontrollable circumstance. Where issues are so confused and the future so unpredictable it is open to the individual only to move forward as he can, and to cling, with what tenacity he may, to his own integrity, and to bear with fortitude and "open-eyed resignation" the outcome dictated by blind forces beyond his own or any man's control. Such resignation it is that enforces the "conviction of solidarity in mysterious origin, in toil, in joy, in hope, in uncertain fate, which binds men to each other and all mankind to the visible world."

In his handling of the story of "Suspense" Conrad, following his characteristic and effective technique, has given us—as life gives us—hints of a passionate and perhaps complicated past. But just what these facts were he reserves—as life reserves them—for disclosure when the march of events and the accidents of fate shall have fitted the missing tesseræ into the mosaic and made the design complete—so far complete, that is, as any series of human complications can ever come to be in the intricate and unresting spectacle of life.

There are at least three possible explanations of the somewhat mysterious relationship between the d'Armands and the Lathams. The obvious resemblance between Adèle and Cosmo may mean that Cosmo is actually the son of the Marquis, reared by Sir Charles as his own son for the sake of safety. Or it may mean that Adèle is the natural daughter of Sir Charles and the Marquise, and therefore the half sister of Cosmo. Or, again, it may mean that a resemblance due in part to accident and in part, perhaps, to the Marquise's passionate yet innocent love for Sir Charles, suggests an illicit relationship which the blind jealousy of Montevesso makes tragic use of.

The first explanation seems scarcely tenable in view of the long suspension of communication between the two families: from 1806 to 1815. The second, while more plausible, and obviously hinted at in repeated references to Adèle's fairness and the singular bond between her and Sir Charles, is discounted by the complacence—or else the blindness—which it would attribute to the Marquis; by the fact that it would make Sir Charles's character and conduct, as host at Latham Hall, very difficult to square with his English instincts; and, finally, that such an intrigue is scarcely the kind which Conrad would have chosen as a basis for a drama of youthful admirations and adventurousness, interwoven with the spiritual struggle of conflicting loyalties, and set against a continental background of suspense and catastrophe. Furthermore, a situation which brought Cosmo to the brink, at least, of a disturbing, even if reverent, love for his half-sister would hamper rather than further the development of the spiritual issues, and would tend toward melodrama rather than tragedy.

These considerations would seem to point to the third explanation as the most plausible. Montevesso, in a fit of jealous passion, would certainly not be withheld by delicacy from flinging the taunt of illegitimacy at Adèle. His accusation might seem plausible even to her, for he would have ugly gossip to back it up; and the uncertainty and suffering imposed upon Adèle, Cosmo, and the Marquis would, for a time, be as poignant as if the charge were true. By this device a singularly distasteful situation would be avoided, and—characteristically of Conrad—we should have the spectacle of a renunciation on the part of Adèle which is voluntary and not merely necessitated.

On this assumption of the relation of the principal characters, the story might unfold itself in something like the following fashion:

Reaching Elba, Cosmo is brought before the Emperor, describes the dissatisfaction and suspense in France and Italy, and hears the Emperor reiterate emphatically his desire to reinstate French liberties and French honor in the midst of a peaceful Europe. Cosmo's imagination is caught, his lingering English doubts are set at rest, and his young radicalism welcomes any ending of the resuscitated *ancien régime* in France and the sorry spectacle of greed and bad faith being enacted in Vienna. Cosmo and Attilio return to the mainland, south of Genoa, and start northward while Cosmo struggles again with conflicting loyalties: loyalty to English policy against an instinctive admiration for the Man of Destiny; loyalty to Attilio and his ideals against a recurring debate with himself as to whether he should disclose his suspicions of Napoleon's intended return.

Meantime Dr. Martel, learning of Cosmo's capture by the *sbirri* and his abduction in the darkness, suspects Montevesso's hand, and communicates his suspicions to Adèle, characteristically assuming an attachment between the two. Clelia

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overhears and puts the worst construction upon Adèle's expressions of concern; she gives another version of the interview to Montevesso, passionately demanding Cosmo's return and as passionately accusing Adèle. Montevesso, himself involved in the Napoleonic conspiracy on the first page, connects Cosmo's disappearance with Attilio's departure and suspects Cosmo of playing the spy. He gets certain information to the authorities with the result that Cosmo is intercepted on his return to Genoa and is secretly confined in order to avoid awkward interference by the English representative. Angered by his treatment, Cosmo confirms himself in his loyalty to Attilio and maintains a stubborn silence.

Napoleon lands at Cannes and advances in triumph to Paris. Spire, in desperation, sends for Sir Charles, and Adèle, overwrought by her anxiety for Cosmo and her father's continued illness, is driven to accusing Montevesso and passionately demanding Cosmo's release or Montevesso's confession of his murder. Montevesso, in ungovernable rage, turns on Adèle with the hoarded story of her illegitimate birth, repudiates her, and drives her and the Marquis from the palazzo. Dr. Martel removes them to Cantelucci's inn.

Montevesso gives up the palazzo and follows Napoleon to France. Cosmo is released by his captors, after some weeks of detention, and reaches Genoa to be overwhelmed by the turn affairs have taken in his absence and by the charge brought against his father; to find the Marquis sinking from his illness and from shock; and to be dismayed by the reports of the increasing autocracy of Napoleon's conduct and the inevitability of renewed war. Outbreaks grow serious in Genoa and Cosmo finds his attention taken up by his obligations to the Marquis and Adèle. In this strained uncertainty, both personal and political, matters continue until Sir Charles arrives, by sea, denies and disproves the charge of Montevesso and confesses his disappointment that Austerlitz and Adèle's hasty marriage had frustrated his original hope of a union between the families. Adèle and the dying Marquis, Sir Charles, and Cosmo await together the final outcome of Napoleon's last adventure, with intense and conflicting emotions. The Marquis dies; the débâcle of Waterloo takes place; and Montevesso, beggared by the outcome, returns to Piedmont. Martel, with the help of Father Paul, discovers that Clelia's mother, Montevesso's legal wife, had been alive at the time of his marriage to Adèle. Montevesso's intrigues against the King of Sardinia being disclosed, Montevesso disappears.

Cosmo's admiration for Adèle becomes a passionate love, but Adèle's tragic experience, an old hunger for her own spiritual integrity, and her conviction that the marriage with Montevesso still constitutes a spiritual bond, force her to stifle any feeling warmer than the old friendship. She returns to France, with the little income left her, to reconstruct life in her own way. Cosmo goes back to England with his father, carrying with him a somewhat keener sense of the exactions of life but also a heightened sense of its force and color.

"To compel men . . . to glance for a moment at the surrounding vision of form and color, of sunshine and shadows; to make them pause for a look, for a sigh, for a smile—such is the aim And when it is accomplished—behold—all the truth of life is there."

Mixed Elements

SKIN FOR SKIN. By Llewelyn Powys. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by Louis Kronenberger

IN my opinion this is one of the minor literary achievements of the year. It is a very personal book, and for some tastes it may be too personal; but it is filled with personality that is vivid and undisguised, and it is written with sonorous splendor. If there are many differences, there are certain likenesses between this book and Barbellion's "The Journal of a Disappointed Man"; and I doubt whether any Englishman since Barbellion has revealed phases of himself with so much deliberate honesty. Upon the consciousness of both books lies always the knowledge that the author is gravely ill; both writers are egoists, and both are egoists of unusual intelli- [illegible] th are agnostics; both, again, are naturalist [illegible] rts; and both at times have impulses and [illegible] bordering on the pathological. "Skin [illegible] Sk[illegible]" is largely the record of Powys's fight against consumption, a circumstance to be remembered, at least, in the face of Powys's occasional abnormalities of feeling. Taking him to high Swiss [illegible] titudes and then back to the fresh outdoors of the West of England, this record combines a healthy sense of nature and beauty with an unhealthy body and mind. Undoubtedly this unhealth of body and mind sometimes stains the book in an egregious manner; and one might be justified for thinking of it as a curiosity of literature rather than as literature itself, just as one must often regard its revelations as those of an exceptional human being rather than of humanity. I have called Mr. Powys's honesty "deliberate," which I think in distinction to being natural or unconscious, it is; and it leads to a few passages exposing morbid egoism, and even sadism, which are disagreeable.

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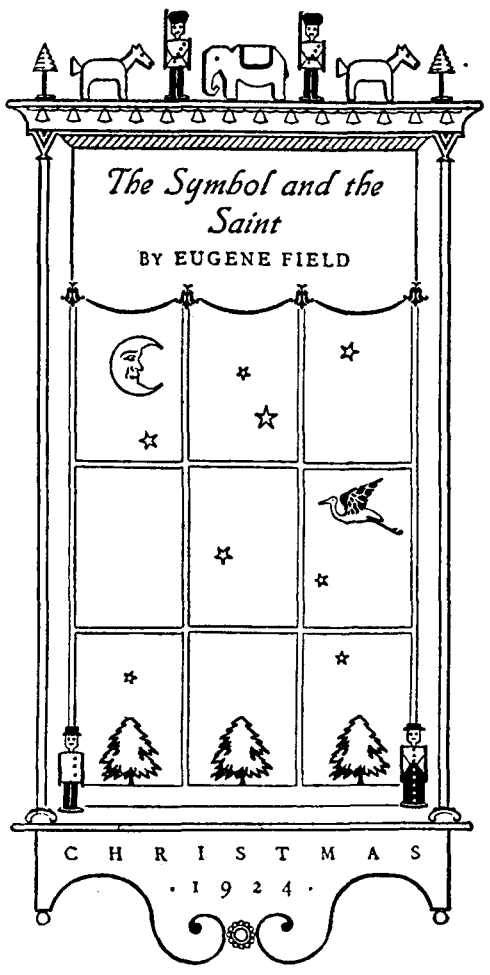
But "Skin for Skin" has its finer and more charming side. It has excellent pictures of the author's family, particularly of his clergyman father and of his two literary brothers, T. F. and John Cowper Powys. It has its touches of humor, anyway of verbal humor, as in his father's phrase for calling the old servants to prayers, "I think we might ring now for the maidens," and in Theodore's comment, "I was sorry Jack had a bad toe, but if he had had a well toe he might have fallen into a mire or evil place." Among the sustained beauty of its writing, it has scores of delightful images and bits of color: "sea-green icicles"; "a peasant leading a mouse-colored cow, stopped for a drink of red wine"; and the sun at daybreak, seen under the belly of a horse, "like a pumpkin". Above all there is the writing itself, not easily dismembered, but worthy of unstinted praise. However one may react to its contents—and so personal a book compels a personal reaction—it is this writing, and the vividness at least of Powys's personality, that I think every one must surely grant.



Titlepage composed entirely of rules and type ornaments
By Bruce Rogers
From *The Fleuron*, No. IV

Erratum

For the picture which appears above another was substituted last week by a mistake of the Composing Room. Beneath this Japanese scene appeared the caption which properly belonged with Mr. Rogers's title-page and which is here repeated.

The "Nymph's" Precursor

THE LADIES OF LYNDON. By Margaret Kennedy. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed By Lee Wilson Dodd

THIS is Margaret Kennedy's first novel. It made little stir in the world when published, and its appearance now in America is of course due to the great popular success of her second novel, "The Constant Nymph." All of which seems to me to prove that the great popular success of "The Constant Nymph" was very little due to its higher qualities, for there are literary virtues in "The Constant Nymph" which, to my mind, remove it entirely from the ranks of ephemeral best-sellerdom. And these virtues, though here a little clouded perhaps, are almost equally apparent in "The Ladies of Lyndon."

What the special virtues of Miss Kennedy as a writer are, may be briefly suggested by saying that they are also the literary virtues of Jane Austen. If Jane Austen had lived a hundred years later, in a freer environment, she might quite well have given us Sanger's Circus, or Mrs. Varden Cocks of the present novel, or her lovely daughter Agatha, who did want so to be a woman of something more than charm but could never quite conveniently manage it. Miss Kennedy knows her characters as few of us know our friends or ourselves; she brings them before us without fuss or difficulty or tedious parade of psycho-analysis; and she is just to them—she neither caricatures nor sentimentalizes the human scene. And finally, like glorious Jane, she has a pervading humor and also a dangerous wit which she holds severely in check. She escapes wonderfully from the snares set for her by her own exuberant liveliness of mind. It would be easy for her to be merely a satirist; but she is something better than that already—and may yet, if she will, become a novelist of distinctive rank.

I recommend "The Ladies of Lyndon" as a test for readers of "The Constant Nymph." It lacks the sensational qualities inherent in the subject matter of the second novel, and there are passages in it which Miss Kennedy, I feel certain, would handle otherwise today. But the native virtues of Miss Kennedy are there on almost every page; the opening chapters are perfect, and the conclusion (which is Agatha's conclusion) seems to me masterly. If you were "keen about" Sanger's Circus and now should find "The Ladies of Lyndon" disappointing, I beg you to suspect at least that your judgment of literary values is still susceptible of a gratifying change.

A Tale of New York

THE MARRIAGE GUEST. By Konrad Bercovici. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1925. $2.

ABOVE everything else "The Marriage Guest" is what its subtitle calls it, a novel of New York. Its beginning, recalling in atmosphere the beginning of Alfred Kreymborg's "Troubadour," pictures a German quarter in the 'nineties. But this compact quarter, peopled by shopkeepers who make the bread and cigars they sell, and who have their singing-society and their favorite saloon, is doomed by the new age of machines. It is this contrast between the old order, with its comfortable traditions, and the new order, with its breathless enterprise, that forms a background for the personal contrasts of the story. There is the same contrast between the violin-mender Anton Zwenge, faithful to the old standards, and his bustling wife, forging onwards with the new; and between their daughter Greta's two suitors, an idealistic young German musician and an aggressive young American contractor. Torn between the two modes of life, Greta marries George Gewurtz the contractor, though she loves the musician. But she finds she can give herself to her husband only by imagining that he is Karl, and her married life is unhappy and unreal. Her daughter, in the next generation, is presented with the same choice of suitors, with a young musician she loves and with Karl, now successful, whose prestige she admires; but Greta prevents her marriage with Karl by confessing the false state of her own married life, and by revealing

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how the same unhappiness and the same vicarious love-making would exist for Karoline.

In the unusualness of its complications, this love story is original, just as it is frequently poignant and intense; and it closes on a note which, superficially at least, has great power. But we do not think the love story equals Mr. Bercovici's story of the city in which it takes place. Perhaps we are preferring the factual and historical to the dramatic and artistic side of the book; but it should at least be pointed out that this picture of New York which is so much more than just a background, which is an implicit satire of the city's growth throughout an age of machinery and capitalism, is equally a creative achievement.

"The Marriage Guest" is not a great novel, and quite often is not even an accurate or well-written one. Mr. Bercovici can write cheap and slipshod prose and his facts can be faulty. But he can tell a story with the most extraordinary vigor and movement, so that as a piece of story-telling it is a pleasure to read it. And in "The Marriage Guest" there is more to admire than the telling. There is a pertinent significance to the tale.

A Comedy of Conduct

PIANO QUINTET. By EDWARD SACKVILLE-WEST. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by LLOYD MORRIS

IN many ways an exceptional performance, Mr. Sackville-West's first novel introduces a talent disciplined to the exact accomplishment of its intention. His talent is served by a responsible technique and fortified by discriminating intelligence. And his novel completely expresses the values of its material. A comedy in the ancient sense, "Piano Quintet" has the final effect of irony, civilized and sophisticated and a little wistful.

Mr. Sackville-West has submitted his talent to the new doctrines which are currently modifying the practice of fiction, with results that are at least instructive. In the hands of resolutely experimental contemporary novelists the traditional mold of the novel has been broken, perhaps decisively. Instead of rigorous architecture, they offer us casual continuity. Instead of conventional pattern, they offer us an indeterminate sequence which superficially resembles the actual flow of experience. The problem of bridging the gulf between reality and the expression of it has always been a serious one for the novelist, and these new attempts to solve it have often involved the renunciation of ancient pieties. "Piano Quintet" adheres to the majority of these pieties with a strenuous orthodoxy. Its architecture is formal and arbitrary; its structure is harmonized with the utmost strictness; it exhibits experience in the medium of pattern, and the conventional elements of that pattern are deliberately emphasized. None the less it achieves the effect of extreme verisimilitude to which the more advanced fiction of our time aspires.

Mr. Sackville-West's affair is primarily with character; events concern him only to the degree that they elicit the specific distinction of the individuals whom they involve. His preoccupation is not with what befalls his characters, but with what they are. And although his novel is composed as a succession of scenes, it relies very little upon incident, which is the material of drama. A simple fable sustains his narrative. Four men and a woman leave England for a brief concert tour on the Continent and, the tour completed, return to England. Their situation isolates them and constitutes them, as one observes, a "pattern of life that is exclusive of the outside world." Circumstance and situation elicit characteristic responses from all of them. Their interrelation, largely an affair of tangential friction, is exhibited with delicate precision. In life, sensitive temperaments habitually protect themselves from hostile scrutiny by equivocal reticence or factitious candor; these are stripped away, layer after layer, until the five stand revealed in an intimate impudence which, in life, might prove somewhat trying, but in art is both intelligible and profoundly moving. It is all accomplished with an admirable economy. The rapidly shifting scene is conveyed as a series of effects rather than as a series of concrete entities. A casual society, external to the group and quite as eccentric, is implied by the casual guests of a mediocre hotel. Scene and society contribute effectively to the central comedy by intensifying the relationships which form its substance.

Mr. Sackville-West contemplates his microcosmic world with equanimity but without illusion. His mind is subtle and sophisticated. He extracts enjoyment from what, for many people, is a disquieting perception; the common discrepancy between intellectual convictions and emotional demands. The mind finds congenial a world in which the only absolute principle is a universal relativity. But, since such a world offers no hostages to permanent attachments, the emotions find it chilly and alien. Convinced as we may be that life affords no permanent certainties, we are reluctant to assert, as our only certitude, the impossibility of ever being certain. Like the majority of contemporary sceptics, and unlike the sceptics of the eighteenth century, Mr. Sackville-West does not profess that doubt itself may constitute an affirmative belief. As a contemporary, he is sensitive to this dilemma, and his novel, which dispassionately projects it as a comedy of conduct, is a wistful and ironic memorial to contemporary indecision.

A Literary Panorama

TEN LITERATURES. By ERNEST BOYD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR W. COLTON

MR. BOYD ranges as widely as Signor Crece in his "Poesia e Non Poesia" and is more informative if less strirring and controversial. He is as sane a critic with as definite judgments. But these judgments do not seem to penetrate or illumine. From the essays here on men of whom I knew something already, such as Flaubert and France, Unamuno and Benavente, Pirandello and Papini, Brandes and Bojer, I do not seem to have gained much that is new or valuable; but from the essays on men of whom I knew before very little, such as the two Tharaud's, Martinez Sierra, Concha Espina, Gomez de la Serna, Carl Spitteler, and Gustav Wied, he has left me impressions that at least are clear and definite. If none carries very far, yet each essay leaves some kind of a dent in the memory: André Gide, the emancipated Huguenot; the brothers Tharaud whose identities are more completely merged than those of any other similar collaborators; Proust, not, as enthusiasts assert, the greatest French prose writer of the age, but a fascinating chronicler and psychologist, repetitious and careless, the values of whose long chronicle decline notably in the later volumes; Pio Baroja, something like Bernard Shaw, but minus any mission, a pungent satirist who divides his enthusiasm between Dickens and Dostoievsky; Ramon del Valle-Inclan, as picturesque as Byron and eccentric as De l'Isle Adam; Concha Espina, the foremost woman of letters in Spain, a romantic novelist somewhat of the school of George Sand; Gomez de la Serna, the whimsical, the admired of a coterie, but not greatly admired by Mr. Boyd; Eca de Queiroz, Portugese realists, the only example of whose vast collection of novels, short stories, and essays that have appeared in English are three important little pot boilers, his most extraordinary novel, perhaps, "A Reliquia"; Carl Spitteler, the Swiss poet, whose "Prometheus" and "Epimetheus" anticipated the idea of "Also Sprach Zarathustra."

Mr. Boyd's years in the British Consular Service, at Barcelona and Copenhagen, have doubtless something to do with his more than ordinarily close knowledge of several European languages and consequent ability to "floor" other translators with circumstantial instances. Irish by birth, he is perhaps an American now, at any rate an international, a cosmopolitan, an intelligent interpreter for those of us whose interest in what is really going on in European literature is greater than our information. He tells what one wants to know, who the man is and what he has done, what is most worth while and why, how much has been translated into English, and what ought to be but is not. He is not a doctrinaire, or champion of this theory or that school, but is alive to whatever is alive in literature and speaks from knowledge at first hand.

It is only occasionally that he allows himself the luxury of such undiscriminating pronouncements as that Anatole France's work "sums up the whole intellectual tradition of his country." Unless "intellectual" is intended to mark some restricting distinction that I do not make out, it would seem better to have said that France is more clearly in the tradition of Molière, Voltaire, St. Beuve, and Renan—the line of grace, clarity, a certain disillusioned urbanity—that in the tradition of Rabelais, Balzac, Hugo—the line of exuberance and force and gesture.

Speaking of modern realism, he remarks to the effect that Flaubert lives not by his realism but his perfection of workmanship. "Modern realists have emphasized only one element in the movement of which he was the leader, and their preoccupation with the mere details of actuality will as surely condemn them to neglect as it has condemned the voluminous literature of the naturalistic school." Flaubert was as much a romanticist as realist, and both terms have come to darken more council than they illuminate. But this quotation illustrates Mr. Boyd's good judgment and the phrase "details of actuality" points to the reasons why the realistic formula is not a perfect recipe for any creative art, either literary or plastic. Art is not merely a mirror held up to nature. It is also a vision of something that illumines and overshadows it. No matter how exhaustive the details, or how accurate, the sum of them is not therefore creative art. Mr. Joyce's "Ulysses" is an extraordinary "stunt" in the details of mentality, but it is a "stunt". The trouble with a "stunt" is that when amazement has died down, the whole thing is dry as a remainder biscuit.

The Fatal Ending

(*Continued from page* 289)

possibilities nor adds to its real achievement.

And at page 236, Mr. Williamson, who in his excellent narrative has been held to simplicity by the rough, simple talk of his characters (he was a herder once himself), suddenly breaks into emotional description and mars an otherwise perfect story with glub-glub about man "with his mate at his side," and the inevitable melodrama which begins when an honest writer imitates the desert island stories of the erotic magazines. An authentic canyon of the Sierras becomes movie scenery at the drop of a phrase.

American fiction constantly breaks like this. Tarkington has often done it, notably in his most considerable novel, "The Turmoil;" it happens in short stories time without end. Is it because the author hears the great sentimental public (or the editor) calling, forgets his story, forgets the enchantment of his theme, and gives what is wanted, or rather, what has been wanted, what he thinks is wanted? Or does it spring from a lack of that intellectual integrity which comes from a more rigorous mental training than we soft Americans will take? At all events, here are two good books, the first almost a great novel, the second a mountain idyll, lacking its deserved perfection.

*COUSIN JANE. By HARRY LEON WILSON. New York: The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1925. $2. RUN SHEEP RUN. By THAMES WILLIAMSON. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1925. $2.50.

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of LITERATURE

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WILLIAM ROSE BENET ..... *Associate Editor*
AMY LOVEMAN ..... *Associate Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY ..... *Contributing Editor*

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Flirting With Clio

TOLERANCE. By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON. New York: Boni & Liveright. [illegible]

Reviewed by THEODORE A. MILLER

MR. VAN LOON has again, with magnificent courage, committed the unpardonable sin. He has deliberately "popularized" history, has taken outrageous liberties with the grave and aloof bluestocking, Miss Clio. But surely, he has been "keeping company" with her long enough to be allowed to call her by her first name and to permit himself a few innocent familiarities with the damsel. Yet nothing is more certain,—although Mr. Van Loon is fortunately not a professor,—than that the Mrs. Grundy who is the intellectual arbiter of our American academic world will hold up pious hands in horror and, rolling the scandal deliciously on her tongue, will whisper to all her neighbors that playboy Van Loon is getting history talked about again, and really, my dear, shouldn't something be done about it? And if Mrs. Grundy should happen to buzz her horrid story in *my* ear, I shall give that officious dame the shock of her life by telling her that I most indubitably do think something should be done about it,—namely, that Mr. Van Loon should be heartily thanked by the general reading public, and urgently pressed to repeat the performance at the earliest possible moment.

For there is no more despicable and intolerant Brahminism than is to be found in our universities, both here and abroad. No rumor will more surely jeopardize a professor's hope of promotion and make all his colleagues draw away from him in fright than the subtly-spread report that he is "popularizing" his subject. That is, literally, the unpardonable sin.

And why? Is it even reasonable—let alone ethical—that a man should spend the best years of his life in mastering a subject,—and then refuse to give the world the benefit of all his laborious study, save as he grudgingly doles it out in dreary lectures to his handful of inattentive college students, or prints it in a "scholarly" (and to the general public unintelligible) book, or sums it up in an abstruse and technical paper read at the annual meeting of a "learned society" of his colleagues? If he has found out something truly interesting and valuable, if he has pieced together even a tiny section of the bewildering picture-puzzle of life and seen how it fits into the general "scheme of things entire," is it not his privilege,—nay, his high moral and social obligation,—to make his discoveries known to the general public?

* * *

But, if these erudite academic folk who could enlighten us either will not or cannot (usually they cannot!) so inform us and give us the benefit of their long and arduous studies, then let them not have the colossal effrontery to complain if non-professionals, such as Mr. H. G. Wells or Mr. Hendrik Van Loon,—both of whom have a far broader and more intelligent knowledge of their subjects than many an honored Ph. D. whom I could name!—step into the breach. If the professionals will not do the job, at least let the amateur take a helping hand at it. Mr. Wells is not a professor,—meaning in academic language that he doth not sit at the right hand of God,—but he has read history to good purpose, and, despite all the slurs of the professional historians and barring the inevitable minor inaccuracies in a work so vast in its conception, has given to the world the best and most illuminating outline of history since Hegel first suggested the idea. Neither is Mr. Van Loon a professor, but he, too, knows his history; he can stand on the heights and therefrom survey man's pathetic struggle up from teratism—(how many of Mr. Van Loon's most vicious critics will recognize that word?)—through animism and taboo and magic to our present day, when, as he sagely remarks, modern taboos "are nearly all contained in the Book of Etiquette,—none are very serious."

Of course, his book is not perfect. Who ever wrote the perfect book? Yet, if one wants a quite new and friendly view of Voltaire, let him turn to pages 340 ff. Or if one seeks a temperate, sympathetic, and fair-minded account of the early Christian Church, let him begin at page 80 [illegible]. For sound and informing remarks [illegible] Reformation, pages 185 ff. will be found [illegible] perusal, even though the informed [illegible] should not agree wholeheartedly with every [illegible]. And all who ranged themselves against Mr. Bryan and Fundamentalism in the late disgraceful and humiliating débâcle at Dayton will derive hearty comfort from the contents of pages [illegible], 113, 146-47. Dr. John Roach Straton may be expected to preach a vitriolic and characteristically intolerant sermon against these last passages should they ever come to his frenetic and heresy-hunting eye. And as for what the author has to say on page 198 about 100-per-centers,—woe betide him if the KKK read the passage! Mr. Van Loon need not worry overmuch on that score, however; what Klansman would be caught reading a book on Tolerance?

And if "Tolerance" turns out to be really a "History of Intolerance," hitting only the "high spots," is the author fairly to be blamed for that? Is there so much real tolerance in this strange world of ours that even the most gifted and imaginative writer could compile a scant ten-page pamphlet about it?

A Son of the Soil

ONE MAN'S LIFE. An Autobiography by HERBERT QUICK. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1925. $5.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

HERBERT QUICK had recounted only the first twenty-nine years of his rich and varied life when Death—rarely more unkind to us—cut short the record. Even in its unfinished form, however, it stands as the only piece of recent American autobiography comparable with "The Education of Henry Adams." Written in a simple yet imaginative style, without a trace of affectation, it concerns far more than the modest title would indicate. The "one man" chanced to be a man who could embrace the ideal interests of humanity, and the book sets before us not only the wholly admirable character of Herbert Quick but the life of his community and the problems of his nation. A valuable corrective of the one-sidedness of the Main Street school of fiction, the book shows that, even on an Iowa farm, life may be lived well. To be sure, this was in the earlier more exciting pioneer period, but Herbert Quick would have held, and rightly held, that "the great things of the spirit and the intellect" may be found anywhere by him who seeks them. The tale of what he got out of his meagre reading on the farm contains more thrill than most of our adventure stories. There is outward adventure, too—and some of the interspersed anecdotes of pioneer hardships, such as that of Judge Kingsbury's wife with a single shot left in her rifle to bring down the wild turkey standing between herself and starvation, grip one by their stark narrative power as few pioneer tales can do—but always and everywhere the spirit dominates.

Humor brings us closer to humanity than sentiment, and Herbert Quick had a revealing sense of humor. When during the Civil War his father, who had sent his sixteen-year old son to the front, was nevertheless accused of being a Copperhead because he had remained a Democrat, "that same Charley Voiles who was afterward slain by Finn Rainsbarger came to him as an emissary of the Council of National Defense down at Harvey Robertson's store."

"I come to tell you," said he to my father, "that we—that is, they down at the store—are talking of running you out of town."

Father grasped his pitchfork in anger.

"Throw down your fork, Quick," said Charley; "throw down your fork!"

Father stabbed the fork in the direction of China. "Charley," he exclaimed, "there's men enough in this town to carry me out—but not enough to run me out!"

Herbert Quick also had a revealing sense of beauty, particularly of the gentle beauty of the prairie, its flowers and its birds.

I have seen the golden plover, or prairie pigeon, running over the new-burned prairie in such numbers that the surface of the earth seemed to be moving, as with their black bellies and beautiful gold and silver spangles they sought their food.

Similar incidents and descriptions dot the account of Herbert Quick's years on the farm, as a country school-teacher, and as a law-student in Mason City, but the pages are also dotted with ideas and speculations. He was a man who knew that there is more fun to be obtained from mere thinking for its own sake than from almost anything else. He, whose life was preëminently practical and who accomplished perhaps more than any other single individual for the actual improvement of rural conditions, was possessed of indefatigable "idle curiosity." He had a theory on every subject, sometimes held half humorously, when the theory in question was a product of his own mood, sometimes with full conviction when the facts seemed to justify it, but always with a genial, tolerant lack of dogmatism and love of reason. It will be a dull mind that does not obtain intellectual suggestion from Herbert Quick's Autobiography and a dull heart that does not feel affection and admiration for the author.

Maid of France

JOAN OF ARC, MAID OF FRANCE. By ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925. 2 vols. $10.

Reviewed by DANA C. MUNRO

Princeton University

OF MAKING many books about Joan there is no end. One writer after another falls under her spell and tries to set forth her career in a new light or to clear up some of the moot points. These points are many and they have been emphasized; since the disasters of 1870 Joan has been a prize to be contested for in France; the rationalists have attempted to claim her as a "lay saint" (*sainte laïque*) in opposition to the devout who urged her canonization by the Church. Hence the most divergent accounts of her life, ranging from the Catholic presentation of Sepet to the work by Anatole France.

Occasionally an admirer like Mark Twain has written merely from his admiration for "the noble child, the most innocent, the most lovely, the most adorable the ages have produced." Such enthusiasm is contagious and Paine, from his intimate association with Mark Twain, was peculiarly susceptible. He has followed lovingly the ways trodden by Joan, and some repeatedly. He has traced her story "through a maze of official documents, letters, and contemporary chronicles." He has, "for the most part, let the witnesses speak, allowing Joan herself and those who knew her best to tell it [the story] in their own words and phrases." Also he has thought it "worth while to supplement the episodes with some description of such localities and landmarks as may be still identified; places that Joan of Arc saw, objects that she may have touched." The words which have been quoted suggest what the book is.

* * *

It is very different from Andrew Lang's excellent "Maid of France" which he wrote to correct "grave errors," especially those of Anatole France. Paine does not attempt to refute anyone. He does not mention any modern work in his bibliography. He drew his material almost wholly from the great collection which Quicherat made eighty years ago and this is the storehouse to which anyone who wishes to study Joan must go. From internal evidence it is probable that Paine used the little book, "Aperçus Nouveaux sur l'Histoire de Jeanne d'Arc," in which Quicherat set forth the conclusions which he had reached from his long study. This is an excellent guide and after seventy-five years few of the conclusions need revision. But some do; and Paine does not seem to have been aware of the fact. It is not probable that he has made a study of the present status of the controversies or that he was interested in them. His book will have little value for students who wish guidance.

The general reader will find the accepted story set forth with a wealth of direct quotation from the sources. He will not be troubled with many arguments about disputed points; Paine usually gives the version which he thinks most probable. Occasionally he goes beyond his sources when they are too meagre, but he is careful to state the fact, e.g. "The account of Joan's summons to Toul, as here set down, is based on what seems reasonable, rather than on the evidence, of which there is very little." He delights in describing the scenes of the Maid's journeys and how the places look

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today, and the book would make an excellent guide for enthusiasts who wish to follow Joan's footsteps.

On the hotly contested subject of her "voices" he says:

> We need not discuss here the nature of these apparitions. It is enough for our purpose that she believed in their genuineness. That with her physical, or mental, eye she saw; that with her physical, or mental, ear she heard, has never been really doubted . . . We may believe, if we choose, that she saw and heard subjectively. . . Whatever may be the truth, to Joan they were realities who brought her comfort and revealed to her the future. It is as such that we shall consider them; a day has come when the wise no longer deny intolerantly the thing they do not see and hear.

The volumes are well illustrated and give the fullest account of Joan which has been written in English. Mr. Paine, however, has chosen a field already worked by great authors. "Le Livre d'Or de Jeanne d'Arc," published thirty years ago, although it enumerated only the more important works on Joan, included over two thousand titles. Countless others have appeared since that time, especially because of the interest in, and opposition to, her canonization. For English-speaking people she has been made very real by Mark Twain and Shaw. Neither one of these authors did such careful work as Paine, and they wrote fiction not history, but they made Joan live more fully than she does in these pages.

A Neglected Poet

WINDOWS OF NIGHT. By CHARLES WILLIAMS. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.25.

Reviewed by THEODORE MAYNARD

THIS book of very noble poetry can safely challenge comparison with anything of its kind in modern letters. And yet, from one point of view, there is a sense of incomplete accomplishment overhanging it. For, excellent as so of its minor pieces are, it is evident that Mr. ams wished to write poetry which should e a larger scope than he has been able to achieve, except in a solitary instance. That instance is "The Window," which stands as the proem to the volume, but in its magnificence suggests the portal to a colossal temple which the poet—though he did not lack the genius—lacked the leisure to build. It is an ode with epic significance: it attempts to expound—not to explain, for that was obviously to have been the purpose of the unwritten odes—the tragedy and the hope of man. To give a sample of this difficult but exceedingly powerful poem I quote, resisting many lines that cry aloud to be given here, a single stanza:

> Around and over them the great night flows;
> The night of genesis, the fount of all
> Our life and height. What god, what animal
> Therein was our first father? When the pit
> Of space first held, running with melted snows,
> Perception? What divine or bestial head
> Remembers us? What hands or paws are spread
> Upon the mighty stair to clamber it?
> Feel we not how on our interior throes,
> Shaking the ladder of spaces and of times,
> This living and forgotten monster climbs,
> Dragging the night behind him as he goes.

If I say that Charles Williams does not work elsewhere in this book upon quite the same scale I have no intention of belittling the remaining poems. It must be granted that several of them are bafflingly obscure on account of their metaphysics or an excess of recondite allusion. There is, however, hardly a line in "Windows of Night" that fails to reveal a highly original mind, or that is uninformed by a superb poetic style.

My personal conviction is that Charles Williams is among the most important of contemporary poets. His is a neglected name, however; for he does not deal in that cheap impudence which seems to appeal so immediately to the prevailing taste. It can be stated more succinctly by saying that he is not a "Georgian". But though he may miss general recognition in this generation, he will, I venture to prophesy, be remembered after many fashionable half-poets are forgotten.

Booth Tarkington, after long patient search has finally succeeded in finding a copy of "Tarkynton's Pilgrimage," the diary of Sir Richard Tarkyngton, published in 1517, and said to be the oldest diary of travel in the English language.

The Bowling Green

Foreigners

WHEN visitors ask me, as they sometimes do, where is New York's great War Memorial, I always take them to the nearest subway grotto and point to the illuminated bull's eye boxes where your money is magnified in candid lustre. These were put in because after the War everyone who came home from France began using the nickel 10-centime pieces he had left over (worth, at current exchange, about half a cent) for subway fares. I have often wondered what the subway and telephone treasuries did with those alien moneys. Did they ship them back to France? At any rate those subterranean eyes of bright suspicion are our most familiar souvenir of the War.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

How long, I've been asking myself, can the resensitized freshness of eye, due to a trip abroad, be made to last? Until it dulls you can look at your own scenes with almost the clear gaze of a benevolent alien. It is sad to think that one should grow so wonted to local humors as not to find amazement in the bursting oddities of his surroundings. On the windows of Lord & Taylor's big store, for instance, I now notice again what I had long ago remarked and then forgotten, a little shield inscribed *Members of the Save New York Committee*. On this I gaze almost with a Frenchman's eye and wonder what it means. In the Hudson Terminal I contemplate a sign over a train-gate. It says

PHILADELPHIA
COMMERCIAL
WASHINGTON
SO. RY. EXPRESS

and I try to imagine just how that would strike a foreigner. How would the word Commercial bother him? Would he conclude that only business men were allowed on that train? How would he construe the SO. RY.? For it is those little things that perplex or amuse the externe. Englishmen, for instance, find it very comic to see thousands of ochre-colored vehicles, evidently for hire, carefully inscribed *Yellow Taxi*. The yellowness of the cab is patent, and the Briton regards the statement of it on the car as another evidence of American love of the obvious. Well, I have pondered over this and still see nothing queer about it. But it is valuable to find out just what diverts the stranger. It may well be that the whole of life is a cunningly concealed hocus which vastly amuses the company in Heaven, but whose comic relief we are too immersed in to relish properly.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

In the same way, the things you yourself notice when *you* are the foreigner do not seem curious to those who live with them. The sign on the London tube-stations, *Every Hour a Rush Hour*, was so infinitely more like the customary notion of New York that it afflicted me with amazement. But I could find no Londoner who thought it odd. Or if you stand opposite the old stained gateway of St. James's Palace, admiring the wine shops and the tailor's windows (I was wondering if that's where the Prince of Wales buys his ties) two little scarlet sentries suddenly come to life, walk stiffly forward, turn back to back, and begin gravely patrolling. This, to an American eye, is sheer and perfect fairy-tale; it is more intimately and charmingly funny than anything in a musical comedy because it is real; it is far too delightful for laughter. But on St. James's Street everyone takes it for granted.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The mind comes back from travelling with a certain number of half-apprehended kinks—rather like burrs in the fell of a long-haired dog who has been skirmishing in autumn woods. These little knots are equally hard to disengage. What I am getting at is that "foreigners"—any foreigners—are really gods; or fairies, if you prefer the term—because, as regards most of what they see they are benignly disinterested; they estimate it on a scale of reference which is unknown to us. Like gods and fairies, also, foreigners are discredited: I mean that the average stay-at-home literally doesn't believe in them; doesn't admit they exist. I heard Harry Franck, the well-known wanderer, say that in many Chinese villages the inhabitants really have no conception of "foreigners" at all; if anyone arrives in strange garb they merely conclude that he is from some distant part of China. And the idea I clumsily approach is that the things that foreigners notice, and are amused by, are always the inessential things. For the things that no one, anywhere, finds queer or writes home about, are the universal urgent matters. Every land, every age, every sect, has always had some precious legend of some greatest of all Foreigners who came to this life from an incomprehensible one; who mingled a while with the natives, was disillusioned by their villainies, and either fled or was massacred. This was because he insisted too heartily on noticing the things that seemed, to his inscrutable scale of reckoning, queer.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The oddest things of all, of course, are the things you find abroad that are exactly the same as at home. What a sense of outrage to find, in London tea-shops, the familiar blazon

SODA FOUNTAIN—LUNCHEONETTE.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

In the advertising columns of a London weekly I observed the following:—

> Male of 30, bigoted non-dancer, morbid, loose-thinking, sentimental and boring, interests humanity, Irish Poetry, and God (any variety), seeks someone with whom to exchange cynicisms and gaspers in streets and cinemas and over his gas-fire. Redness (hair or politics) an attraction.—Box 129, NEW STATESMAN, 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C. 2.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

In one of Mr. C. E. Montague's fine short stories (in the far too little discovered volume "Fiery Particles") there is an Irishman who asserts that he was "born below par to the extent of two whiskeys." He requires two whiskeys, no more no less, for his mind to rise to its natural stature. Similarly we are most of us two tots of observation below par. We are not foreigners enough in our own surroundings. We are like those deplorable Americans in Paris who spend the great part of their time flitting back to the Express Company's office where there is a shoe-shining coon who makes them feel *chez soi;* a coon who can tell them about "Helen and Warren" or Red Grange's last touchdown. So we forget to be aliens while we have the priceless chance; and forget that the fiery particle is forever a foreigner in this restless planet. Whether it has any home anywhere is another question—in fact *the* other question; the only other question there is.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

I forget Bacon's exact phrase; it was something like this: there is no eminent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion. Which is evidently a concise statement of the thought I am fumbling with, that those write best who write of life as foreigners. A man may have this uncanny gift and yet have no narrative art. He may not be as easy to read as our adorable old Conan Doyle, for example, who must never be forgotten as a king among story tellers. Who has begun a tale more delightfully than the opening of almost any Sherlock Holmes episode taken at random? For instance "The Adventure of the Beryl Coronet"—

> "Holmes," said I, as I stood one morning in our bow-window looking down the street, "here is a madman coming along. It seems rather sad that his relatives should allow him to come out alone."

Can that be surpassed for embarking the reader's attention?

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

I don't quite see what all this is tending toward. My own conclusion is that going away for a little while is specially valuable because it teaches one to appreciate the quick unspoiled wits of one's own children, the most engaging of all Foreigners. I wish I were as prompt a composer as the Urchin, who writes a play in an hour after lunch. He has a genius for titles, too. I asked him what his new play was called (he is nearly nine, I should explain) and he showed me the manuscript. It is called "The Girl Who Stayed Up."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Books of Special Interest

Saving the Thunderer

THE LONDON *TIMES* UNDER THE MANAGERSHIP OF MOBERLY BELL. By F. HARCOURT KITCHIN ("Bennett Copplestone"). New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1925.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

MR. KITCHIN'S story contains such dramatic and heroic elements that it should interest many readers who know and care nothing about newspaper history. It is the story of how Moberly Bell, who became business manager of the London *Times* in 1890, labored until he fell dead in his office chair in 1911 to save the great journal from extinction or a worse fate than extinction. That the Thunderer still vigorously exists is in large part due to the fight which this ponderous, gruff, combative, and high-minded man waged for it.

It was a fight against forbidding odds. As Mr. Kitchin, who from 1895 to 1909 was chief assistant to Bell, tells us, the newspaper was in a sadly weakened condition by the early nineties. The large reserve fund which the third John Walter had accumulated as a bulwark against future disaster had recently been divided by the unincorporated partners. The libel suit which grew out of the publication of the forged Pigott Letters regarding Parnell cost the *Times* $1,250,000, and half of its reputation for the impartial and truthful presentation of news. The circulation was decreasing at a slow, steady rate which indicated that veteran subscribers were dying, and no new buyers taking their places. In its management the *Times* had become sadly antiquated. It still lacked any planning or arrangement of the news, so that readers groped helplessly among its jumbled columns. Its advertising had been so grossly neglected that other sheets, especially the *Daily Telegraph* and *Morning Post*, had acquired much of its business. Worst of all, the drafting of reforms was rendered difficult by the inchoate constitution of the journal, which consisted of three different and overlapping properties. The *Times* as a newspaper—which meant simply its goodwill and copyright—was vested in an association of private partners; the *Times* building was the private property of the two Walters; and the contract for printing the *Times* was also held by these half-brothers. The Walters were gentlemen of the county-family type with little business ability; their main interest lay in the profits of the printing arrangement, and they troubled themselves little with Moberly Bell's business management, or George Earle Buckle's editorial policy.

Bell spent his best energies for more than a quarter century to keep the *Times* from going on the rocks, pinching expenses and trying expedients. He sought to drum up display advertisements. He supported Buckle in various editorial innovations, of which the institution of the *Times Literary Supplement* in 1902, under the able direction of Bruce Richmond, was the most important. He encouraged Valentine Chirol in obtaining the right men to cover foreign fields, such as Morrison of Peking for China. He was willing to pay for the various luminaries which the *Times* developed or obtained—Arthur Clutton-Brock as special writer, Harold Child as leader-writer, A. B. Walkley as dramatic critic, Repington as military correspondent, and Hartley Withers as financial writer. But the straits into which the *Times* had fallen required heroic measures, and it was necessary to turn to circulation "stunts." Bell wisely believed that the *Times* must be kept a three-penny paper of high standards, appealing to a select audience, but he thought that only part of its potential public had been reached. His great *coup* in promoting the paper was his alliance with the enterprising American bookseller, Horace Hooper, in selling the ninth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. The *Times* loudly whooped it up for the Britannica, and obtained a handsome commission on every one of the 33,000 sets sold in the British Empire. Hooper and his partner Jackson made far more, for they drew the undivided profits upon the huge American sale. Other books followed, among them the Century Dictionary, and then a tenth edition of the Britannica. The whole bookselling business helped circulation, and yielded revenues which could be used in other schemes for setting the *Times* on its feet. The most ambitious of these schemes, the *Times* Book Club, promised to be a glittering success, and then turned into a ghastly failure.

The *Times* had been almost bankrupt in [illegible] until 1905, [illegible] terrific blow. The [illegible] generally responsible [illegible] frightened, [illegible] demand a reorganization [illegible] inquiry, in [illegible] partnership, [illegible]d. Bell had [illegible] night [illegible] still struggling [illegible] something [illegible] *Times* passed into the right hands. It was a thankful deed. The Walters made a risky and ill-judged effort to transfer the ownership to Arthur Pearson, who had neither the ability nor the capital to manage the great journal. Bell, who was irritated by their secret manœuvres, found that Lord Northcliffe was determined to obtain control of the *Times*, and consented to act as his lieutenant. Mr. Kitchin tells in detail how triumphantly Bell managed the purchase for Northcliffe at the low figure of £320,000, which was far less than Northcliffe was prepared to pay. He tells how implicitly Northcliffe trusted in Bell's honesty, and he gives us some interesting sidelights upon the personality of the great newspaper magnate, a man "so great and yet so small." Bell made every effort to obtain assurances from the new proprietor that the fine traditions of the *Times* would be maintained, and was just becoming fully aware of his failure when he was stricken down.

It was a tragic end for a devoted and indomitable fighter. No reader of the book but will admire the lifelong constancy shown by the big-bodied and big-hearted Bell. Yet it was not so tragic as it at first seemed, for a decade later came that resurrection of the *Times* which but for him might have been impossible. Mr. Kitchin tells his story well, though it has one great fault—there is altogether too much Kitchin in it.

French Tales

THE LIFE OF HENRY BRULARD. By HENRI BEYLE-STENDHAL. Translated by CATHERINE ALISON PHILLIPS. Knopf. 1925. $3.00.

THE DIABOLIQUES. By JULES BARBEY-D'AUREVILLY. Translated by ERNEST BOYD. Knopf. 1925. $3.00.

Reviewed by MALCOLM COWLEY

OF THESE two volumes of the Blue Jade Library one, "The Diaboliques," is a collection of short stories, known widely by name on the Continent but almost never read: a volume as interesting and neglected as "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym." The other, "The Life of Henry Brulard," is an important document translated for the first time; it is the autobiography of the greatest French novelist.

For thought he is not so widely known as Balzac, Zola, Flaubert, or Anatole France, Stendhal's influence is deeper and will probably be more permanent. Indeed, it is not without reason that he is called the master and model of the contemporary novel. The importance of the present volume rests almost wholly on this fact. It represents Stendhal's attempt to set down, for his own benefit or that of "the reader of 1880," just what sort of boy and man he had been. Curiously, it was not till 1880 that the manuscript was discovered. It was published ten years later: more than half a century after Stendhal laid it aside, less than half completed. It forms the exact portrait of a state of mind, but is more a document than a work of art.

The other volume is of a different nature. "The Diaboliques" contains the most carefully labored short stories of Barbey-d'Aurevilly. He wrote them at a period when the romantic passions had soured into Satanism, which in its usual manifestations is thoroughly ridiculous. On the other hand, the characters of "The Diaboliques," by the violence of their passions, acquire a dignity which is that of Racine's heroines. They are ridiculous, perhaps, but no one dares to laugh.

Barbey's emotions are confined within the post-romantic circle of love and death, but he is able to lend dignity to love and to describe death with passion. His chief virtue, however, is the richness of his style. Much of its quality is lost even in Mr. Boyd's painstaking translation. Two English words, occasionally even three, are used to render a single brilliant adjective of the original. Here the translator's aim is to give the exact shade of meaning, and often he succeeds, but in his success he destroys the pattern. With a mind less figurative than Barbey's, he blunts the metaphors by inserting "one might say" or "you would think." Thus he writes, "Arms vigorous enough, *you would think*, to grasp the wheels of the car of life and twine around the spokes and stop its course *by sheer force*." The italicized words add nothing to the image; indeed, they diminish the force of it. They are nowhere to be found in the French text.

These are questions of taste, not learning, for Mr. Boyd is a competent translator. As much cannot be said for the translator of "Henry Brulard." It is true that the original text, in its rough state, is difficult to understand, but the English becomes positively incoherent. At one point Miss Phillips writes, "My father, the most elegant, the most subtle, the most polite of men." Her expression puzzled me, for it was at variance with the context. Referring to the French text I found, "My father, the *least* elegant, the most adroit, the most *politic* of men." The only excuse for such carelessness (if it is indeed carelessness and not ignorance) is the fact that translation is held in so little esteem today, and aid so beggarly, that one can earn a living only by working rapidly and never stopping to revise. And yet, Stendhal is great enough to deserve more respectful treatment.

Boyd on Mencken

MODERN AMERICAN WRITERS, IV. H. L. MENCKEN. By ERNEST BOYD. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1925.

Reviewed by L. M. HUSSEY.

IN December 1923 H. L. Mencken published a buxom valedictory essay in *The Smart Set* wherein looking back over fifteen years of his pastorate as critic to that journal, he computed the number of words uttered from *The Smart Set* pulpit at a round nine hundred thousand. But this staggering figure took no account of the additional words spoken from other rostra. Making the count from all his books, all his magazine articles, and all his contributions to the *Sunpaper*, the total, I doubt not, would run well over two million. Over two million words on *belles lettres*, bad writers, politics, critics, medicine, biology, uplifters, The War, military science, the Maryland Free State, women, philosophy, music.

In this sea of words Ernest Boyd essays now to chart the prevailing winds and more obvious currents. During the late years of his eminence like attempts have been made in behalf of Mencken, attempts to render the man and his doctrine succinctly. Yet, as I see it, no other critic has performed the job quite so well as Boyd. Boyd's Mencken is a thoroughly plausible figure and Boyd's book is critical entertainment of a high order.

The book begins by exposing the fallacies of the Mencken legend. The Nietzschean Mencken, the wild hackster, the Antichrist, the truculent agent of Wilhelmstrasse is shown as a myth. And, as the authentic man of flesh and bone, we meet H. L. Mencken the comfortable burgher, fleeing the lewdness of New York, living with his family in Baltimore, laying brick in the backyard, and cultivating his pet turtles and his cellar.

Having sketched this preliminary portrait, Boyd moves readily enough to his larger canvas which is to depict Mencken in all his phases as an American of extraordinarily high percentage, as the very osmazome of the native soil. Here is a thesis that has become popular in current Mencken criticism and it is a thesis that Ernest Boyd maintains with great persuasiveness. Indeed, the Boyd presentation is so apt that it half convinces me. However, on second thought, I remain dubious. I cannot really see Mencken as the archtypical American nor does the indubitable fact of his entire absorption by the American scene suffice to persuade me.

Instead, I see him as a man who would have functioned as a writer in any clime and under any government. There was implanted in his germ-plasm the artist's urge, the urge to express himself. The soil did not make him; he has used the soil as stuff for self-expression. Set down, let us say, in France at a tender age, subsequently he would have piled up his two million words as inevitably on those shores as on these, with the difference that he would have dealt with the French rather than the American scene.

American Martyrs

THE JESUIT MARTYRS OF NORTH AMERICA. By JOHN J. WYNNE, S. J. New York: The Universal Knowledge Foundation. 1925. $1.50.

Reviewed by HENRY LONGAN STUART

A PICTURE by one of the modern Italian school of painters that used to be popular in reproduction shows us a group of cardinals and high prelates gathered together in an ante-room of the Vatican and listening to a terrible tale of torture and hardship told them by a missionary friar. The prelates in silk robes and lace rochets lean back in their chairs sipping the after dinner coffee. Still further to enforce the contrast, the monk, in robe of brown wool and rope girdle, leans forward as he talks, showing his mutilated hands.

The picture, theatrical and meretricious as it is, inevitably recurs to the memory as we read Father John J. Wynne's picturesque and documented history of the six priests and two laymen whom Rome two months ago, raised to the honors of its altars amid all the pomp and circumstance of Papal ritual. Two of them fell on soil over which the stars and stripes floats today so may fitly be considered America's proto-martyrs. All of them were generous and devoted men, who before they gave up their lives had sacrificed all that, from a worldly point of view, makes life worth living to the chimerical vision of founding a great Indian Christian nation in the region of the Lakes. Parkman was the first to familiarize the American public with the story of their failure and triumph. He did so fairly on the whole and with such humanity that, while the moral he draws smacks a little unctuous in the ears of the modern historian, the facts he gives have never been essentially controverted.

Father Wynne's story, as is natural with a writer who belongs to the order which these noble men glorified by their martydom, dwells not so much on the political aspect and results of their efforts as upon the sanctity of their lives and the positive thirst for hardship and for the Cross which nerved them to their appalling task. The unfortunate influence upon their missions of the religious strife that was raging in Europe throughout the sixteenth century is given its proper perspective, but Father Wynne sees rather ignorance than positive malice in the conduct of the Dutch. "The burgers did not mean to incite the Hurons to molest their missionaries. This they proved later by their persistent efforts to obtain the release of Jogues from his Indian captors . . .:" The conduct of the English colonists, and the fruitless mission of pere Druillettes to Boston does not fall within the scope of Father Wynne's work, but the personal kindness shown to him by Endicott and the authorities of the Bay settlement would seem to prove that coldheartedness and policy rather than malevolence was the ground of their refusal to coöperate.

On an occasion like the present such things fall into the background and the noble personal character of the Jesuit martyrs takes first place. We stand astonished, not only at the heroism of Jogues, Brebeuf and their companions, many of them of feeble constitution but at the capacity of men, under strong religious enthusiasm, to endure. Scorched, mutilated, enslaved in turn by the men they are catechizing and by their tribal enemies, the lives of these men pass in a positive phantasmogoria of suffering and visionary consolation that can never be realized by the positive mind. "When the verse was ended" it is Jogues speaking, "I seemed to be no longer in our cabin, but in a place I knew not, when all at once I heard a verse sung which had reference to the happiness of the Saints, and the delights they enjoy in the kingdom of heaven."

The rocks and woods amid which the summer camper makes holiday today have torn the feet and hands of these noble men, and seen their martyrdom, the lakes in which he fishes have been furrowed by their canoes. It is impossible to read the stirring record of their apostolate which Father Wynne gives us without feeling that they have made the country of the Lakes consecrated ground to men of every race and religious belief.

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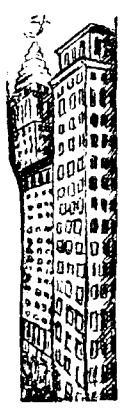

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Books of Special Interest

A Chinese Beauty

THE MOST FAMOUS BEAUTY OF CHINA: The Story of Yang Kuei-fei, by Shu-Chiung. By MRS. WU LIEN-TEH. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by FLORENCE AYSCOUGH

MRS. WU LIEN-TEH'S life of the most "artful" of the four outstanding beauties of China is very timely. Chinese names are always a difficulty to Western readers, but those of Yang Kuei-fei and Ming Huang; of the poets Li T'ai-po, Tu-Tu, Po Chü-i, Wang Wei and so on are daily becoming more easily recognized, and it is a good thing that the personalities whom these names represent should be more intimately known.

A vast amount of fable, and many legends in regard to their lives have necessarily accumulated during the passing centuries; but certain solid facts provide a framework of support to the varied forms in which these tales appear.

Doubtless, during the T'ang dynasty, a very beautiful and fascinating woman did rule and ruin Ming Huang—the Brilliant Sovereign—to use his canonical name, but as to the manner in which she was introduced to his notice, accounts differ. That she was a daughter of the Yang Clan is known, and that her personal name was Yü Huan—Jade Armlet—is a point of agreement in the different records; that her sisters and other relatives were given influential posts is also a matter of history, but whether the infamous prime minister, Yang, who was largely responsible for the appalling dynastic collapse in A. D. 756, was her cousin or her brother is a particular wherein historians are at odds. These details, however, do not matter very greatly. The point is that Jade Armlet has come to represent a certain historical type. The Chinese populace learn their history from innumerable plays of a more or less apocryphal nature, and the "untutored people" who earn their living by the "bitterness of strength," (which phrase is a literal translation of the word "coolie"), are charmed by Jade Armlet's exquisite beauty, scandalized by her conduct, and saddened by her tragic fate.

Whatever the manner of her introduction to the Imperial seraglio, she was speedily appointed a Kuei-Fei—exalted imperial concubine—a rank second only to that of Empress, and Jade Armlet is generally spoken of as Yang Kuei-Fei—that is the exalted imperial concubine of the Yang Clan. Mrs. Wu explains in a footnote on page eighteen that the words Kuei-Fei are only a title and not the personal name of her heroine, but it is misleading to use the term throughout the work.

The book consists of a series of disconnected scenes taken from a number of different sources, which illustrate various phases in the favorite's life. Mrs. Wu has a remarkable command of English, and tells her story in a simple, absolutely unaffected, and most convincing manner. Chapter XIX, The Tragic End, is very good indeed, and the translation of Yang Kuei-Fei's lament, uttered when she realized that her Imperial lover had agreed that she be put to death, is excellent. It opens with the lines:

The flowers are withered, the rain is falling,
The bright moon is hidden behind the clouds;
For we who are one in soul are to be separated;

As there is no statement to the contrary, one imagines that the translation is by Mrs. Wu. If this be so, it is a thousand pities that she did not render all the poems quoted in the book herself. Many of the versions by other writers which she has included are very very far from the original texts. They are not only inaccurate but in many cases extremely poor.

The illustrations to Mrs. Wu's book are extremely interesting.

English Furniture

THE DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH FURNITURE. Vol. I A-Ch. By PERCY MACQUOID and RALPH EDWARDS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1924. $35.00.

Reviewed by MYRIC R. ROGERS
Smith College

THE many excellent treatments of English furniture which have appeared of recent years have been concerned mainly with the development of the various forms belonging to each period as a whole. The material has been discussed as it were in a series of horizontal slices and used to illustrate the artistic and social tendencies of each particular age. Such a general evolutionary point of view must of course be the basis for any sound understanding of the subject, but it undoubtedly tends to interrupt and somewhat obscure the life history of the individual forms.

In their new monumental work Messrs. Macquoid and Edwards have adopted the "vertical" system, taking each article in turn and following its career "From the Middle Ages to the late Georgian Period." These chronological bounds are not as limited as would appear since the vast majority of our mobilary family attained their full development from more or less rudimentary beginnings within that space of time. In its general arrangement as a sort of encyclopædic dictionary the work follows that of Henry Havard's "Dictionnaire de l'Ameublement" which the student of French furniture and decorative art has enjoyed for some decades. (The French awoke to the quality of their heritage much earlier than their neighbors). The authors of the present work, however, have limited themselves, with few exceptions, to furniture in its stricter sense whereas Havard covers the whole field of French decorative art. This seems a wise reservation since a completely parallel discussion would have meant either a sacrifice of the quality of the illustrations or an extension beyond reasonable cost limits.

From the students' point of view two features of the book are particularly noteworthy: first, the high quality of the illustrations of which there are some 500 in half tone and 19 plates in full color; second, the painstaking accuracy of the text which is strengthened at almost every point by quotations and excerpts from contemporary sources. Nothing is more helpful to the advanced student than this direct reference to source material.

The text is easily and clearly written and will prove entertaining to all interested in the subject. It is not, however, a popular book in the accepted sense but will be of enormous value as a reference work, the kind of thing long needed in the field. Mr. Macquoid's "History of English Furniture" has long taken its place as one of the few authoritative essays in the subject. The Dictionary is the result of some twenty years further experience not only with the material but with its presentation. It is to be hoped that nothing will interfere with the appearance of the two remaining volumes, since the completed work will be indeed a boon.

The sole adverse criticism the writer can offer without a minute survey is in regard to the method of binding. It is attractive in appearance but structurally entirely too fragile to support the weight of the heavy enamelled paper. The writer's copy is already falling to pieces. This defect will be a source of serious inconvenience especially in public library and school use and by all means should be remedied in the forthcoming volumes.

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UNPUBLISHED FRAGMENTS OF THE NOVEL ON PETER THE GREAT. By LEO TOLSTOY. Moscow: Noviy Mir. 1925.

AN UNPUBLISHED VERSION OF KHADZHI MURATH. By LEO TOLSTOY. Paris: Posliednia Novosti. 1925.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER J. NAZAROFF

A PERIODICAL published in Moscow has just brought out the first chapters of a historical novel on which Leo Tolstoy worked after he had finished "War and Peace" and which he never completed. We know from the reminiscences of his son Leo and of his late widow under what conditions he gave up the writing of this novel. The great writer wanted it to be a historical panorama of the "War and Peace" type, dealing with the epoch of Peter the Great. And he studied for a long time the archives-materials bearing on that epoch, the language that was spoken at that time, the spirit and the atmosphere of that period of Russian history.

He was aware of the difficulties confronting him: to recreate in a work of fiction the Russia of the XVII century, the old archaic Russia which had so little in common with the modern Empire, was a problem to puzzle any writer. Especially difficult was it, according to Leo Tolstoy himself, to preserve without falsification the spirit of the epoch in the description of everyday life. Yet he worked with his usual energy. The heroes of his novel had already crystallized in his mind. Their rôles were distributed. "They are all clothed, shaped, and seated (wrote Countess Tolstoy). But they have not yet begun to breathe; perhaps they will soon begin." Unfortunately they did not. Did Tolstoy come to the conclusion that the difficulties confronting him were unsurmountable? Did he forsake the novel because he could not find a good opening paragraph for it, as the case had been with a number of his other unfinished works? Or was he simply sidetracked by some other interests, by a new paroxysm of educational fever, for instance? We do not know. In any case, the writing of the novel did not go beyond the fragment we now possess. This fragment is the germ of a grandiose work, of this there can be no doubt. And it is a sample of Tolstoy at his best. It is only now that we can realize what a treasure was lost to the world when he decided to give up work on it. Not only that the historical moment chosen by him is of special interest (it is the moment of the birth of modern Russia). But this published fragment contains such a panoramic presentation of the *coup d'état* by which Peter the Great, a youth or even a child, was raised to the throne, that one may assert that the æsthetic value of the whole might have proved enormous.

The pen-portrait of the leading boyars, of the Czarina—the mother, etc., combine into a dynamic canvass of rare and picturesque beauty. No, Countess Tolstoy was not right: the characters of the unborn novel are not only clothed and seated, but they do also breathe and live. Moreover, they display in the space of 6000 words an amount of human reality which would suffice to fill a whole novel.

Especially deep and interesting are a few lines in which Tolstoy sketched the portrait of Peter the Great. The reader sees for a moment the long and clumsy body of the strong youth who, in the midst of political events of enormous importance, works with all his zeal on carving something out of a piece of wood. In a few words the great writer conveys to the reader a striking feeling of energy and concentrated attention in the boy who proved to be Russia's greatest statesman.

Yes, it suffices to read the excerpt here under review to understand that Tolstoy bore within himself a conception not less in scope and power than his greatest published *chef d'œuvre*—"War and Peace."

Another fragment by Tolstoy that has been published only now is not so important by far. It is a new version of one of the chapters of "Khadzhi Murath." However interesting, it adds little to this perfect little novel which was one of Tolstoy's last works of fiction.

Hauptmann's New Drama

VELAND: TRAGOEDIE. By GERHART HAUPTMANN. Berlin: S. Fischer. 1925.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

GERHART HAUPTMANN, like several writers before him—Walter Scott, for example (the well-known episode in "Kenilworth"), the Danish writer Drachmann, and two little-known German dramatists, Borsch and Demmin—has felt the attraction of the Wayland legend, and in this his latest play has completed a drama of Wayland the Smith which he first published, in a fragmentary though almost complete form, two or three years ago in a supplementary volume of the Jubilee Edition of his Complete Works. It is a distinctly individual and characteristic impress he has made on the story. Without distorting or modifying it in any essential he has yet fitted it into—or, perhaps we ought rather to say, has chosen it because of—his philosophy of the redeeming and almighty power of physical love. Readers of Hauptmann's later works must be familiar with this preoccupation of his mind. Its beginning can be traced as far back as the play "Hannele," which appeared in 1893, but it is the post-war Hauptmann who has insisted upon it with such emphasis that it must now be recognized, above all after the masterly erotic story, the "Heretic of Soana," and the mystical play "Indipohdi," as an even more abiding feature of Hauptmann's genius than the naturalism in which he scored his first successes.

Wayland the Smith has been mutilated by King Harald Schönhaar—Nithothr in the saga—and confined to a cave, where he stores his treasures of precious metal and jewels. Harald, however, has a great grief; his two sons, Ai and Ingi, are missing and he comes to Wayland, who has powers of divination, to ask his guidance. Before this Harald's daughter, Bödhild, has secretly come to the cave to see its treasures, and she hides there on her father's approach. The cunning smith, who, of course, has the two sons of the King in the cave as well, pretends to have no knowledge of them. Harald offers half his kingdom, but Wayland will have nothing less than Bödhild in marriage. But she is betrothed to Gunnar and the bargain is spurned. In the meantime Bödhild has, however, been ravished by Wayland and from loathing of his monstrous shape has come to feel intense love for his skill and physical strength. Wayland then thinks how best to consummate his revenge. He invites Harald and his retinue to a wedding feast, in honor of Bödhild's approaching marriage to Gunnar, and at the banquet he serves wine in goblets made out of the skulls of Harald's two sons, and conjures up not only their ghosts but also the vision of Bödhild, naked, victim of Wayland's outrage. His vengeance is complete. But in the moment of triumph the shepherd Ketill appears, bringing a message from the All-Father and uttering judgment on the Smith for these shameful deeds. Wayland must descend to the abyss. He prepares to depart, and in saying farewell greets Bödhild as his true spouse and gives the name of Wittig to the son she is to bear. A marvellous light surrounds the company, and Bödhild's voice is heard crying to Wayland to take her with him. Love has triumphed and when the light has gone Wayland is to be seen no more.

⁂

The play is not one of Hauptmann's best, but it displays much of his skill in verse-dialogue, and the scene in which Harald demands his sons—the reader or spectator knowing all the time that the smith has Bödhild in his power—has all the characteristics of the practised dramatist in the way it exploits suspense and expectation. Whatever these and other literary merits, however, the work should not be missed by any careful student of Hauptmann's imaginative and intellectual development. It throws remarkable light on an aspect of his philosophy which a great many histories of German literature, at all events outside Germany, are inclined to pass over.

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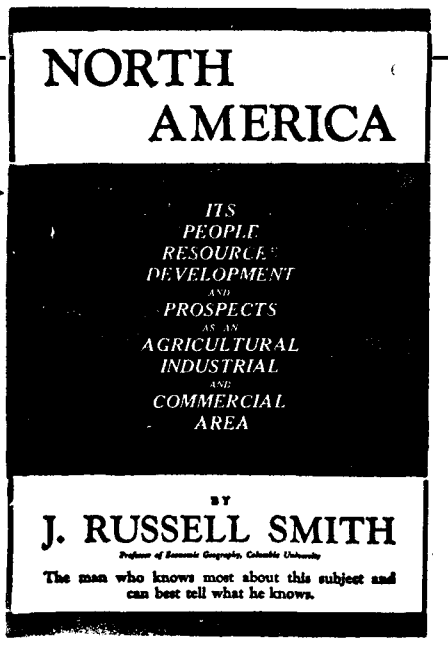
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The New Books

Books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

SANS FROMAGE. By ALPHA of the Plough. Dutton. 1925. $2.50.

This latest book of essays, although containing a "Defence of Skipping", itself defies the process. There is no avoiding a thorough reading, so charming and whimsical is every paragraph. The style has grace and precision, but one scarcely stops to notice that, so great is his eagerness to see what the unpredictable "Reginald S. Thompson" will have to say next. The illustrations of Clive Gardiner are a triumph—Dean Inge seated in despair on the top of St. Paul's, three elderly penguins in solemn conclave over the naming of a baby penguin, Mr. Blodgett and business friends admiring author's autograph in a highly futuristic Chicago, and so on. Nor should the question-marks in the text be over-looked; they have no tops and appear at first to be misprints but must be something new; anyway they are decidedly interrogative, which is a fine thing for a question mark.

A SURVEY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By BENJAMIN BRAWLEY. Knopf. 1925. $3.50.

Of college text-books on English literature, the old Moody and Lovett History, written many years ago, still remains unequalled. Among its successors, however, the present is probably as good as any. The biographical material is presented in a more interesting manner than usual, and there are some valuable departures from convention in the emphasis upon Bacon's educational theories, the account of the various English translations of the Bible, and the importance assigned to the ethical element in Coleridge's poetry. The book fails, where most of them fail, in its treatment of recent literature. Half a page to Swinburne, three and a half to Browning, and nine to Tennyson is hardly a due proportion either with regard to intrinsic merit or historical importance. And when we read, in connection with George Eliot, of "the sordid and unillumined realism that we know as naturalism," we can guess beforehand that it will be all up with later writers.

SHAW. By J. S. COLLIS. Knopf. 1925.

This is the best study of Bernard Shaw which has appeared in many a moon. It also introduces us to a new critic who will certainly be heard from again. Mr. Collis speaks with his own voice; he eschews the commonplaces that form a particularly dense hedge about his particular subject; he is enthusiastic in unexpected places and challenging where one least anticipated challenge. Furthermore he knows how to be stimulating and provocative without losing the spirit of courtesy. According to his own definition, criticism is "the business of finding out what the author means," but in practice he adds to this an evaluation of the meaning when found. The sympathetic insight necessary for the former task Mr. Collis possesses in unusual measure; with great acumen he tracks the fierce and savage ideas of his author to their ultimate lair of religious mysticism. His judgment is sometimes more questionable; the claims that Shaw's wit is a liability rather than an asset and that his greatest work is "Back to Methuselah" will hardly carry universal conviction; but usually Mr. Collis scores here, too, as in his defence of Shaw's dramatic technique against the simple-minded advocates of the well-made play. All in all, the book is one of those rare pieces of interpretation which may without insult be placed upon the same shelf with the works interpreted.

OH, MR. LEACOCK! By C. K. ALLEN. Dodd, Mead. 1925. $1.

Apparently it is dangerous to be a humorist. Mr. Leacock, whose lighter side has again obliged him in print to belie the fact that he is normally a professor of economics at a Canadian University, has brought down upon his head the gentle wrath of Mr. C. K. Allen. Humorist or professor, thinks Mr. Allen, Stephen Leacock continues to propound a dangerous and negative philosophy. To prove his point he employs what is known in Law Schools as "the case system", and the unhappy author of "Literary Lapses" stands convicted by his own words.

There are, however, too many books of this sort. Small, parasitical efforts that come to life because they draw upon somebody with a name, and they all smell damply of the original. Mr. Allen's wit is here not so fine nor his attitude so curious that "Oh, Mr. Leacock!" is a blinking gem in its own right. He is tolerably funny; not at Professor Leacock's expense, but rather through him and because of him. Parts of the book that are straight parody are happy enough, though not the truly engaging type of parody of J. C. Squire. By and large, a volume of but 83 pages, and costing a whole dollar, has to be a most excellent slice of the real thing to be called, or (what is safer to say) to deserve, a success. It is true that Mr. Leacock has said in black and white that millionaires are fools, that poetry is rot, charity is humbug, history is rot, marriage is a failure, British politics are spoof, and things more damning than these. But he said them all nobly, and some day they will probably appear in a definitive edition. And he said them in such a way that they will not easily suffer a very riotous burlesque.

HIGHLAND ANNALS. By OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN. Scribners. 1925. $2.

The raciest language and the most amusing idiosyncrasies in the United States belong to the mountaineers of the Smokies and the Blue Ridge in North Carolina. They have already supplied the comic relief of fiction, and some tragedy; but those who remember Mrs. Dargan's sketches in the *Atlantic*, now gathered together, may feel, as does the reviewer, that she has more aptly caught their humors than any earlier observer. She lived with them, worked with them, and, what is more to the point, had them work, when and as they would, for her. There are types in this book as rich as those in Hatcher Hughes' "Hell Bent for Heaven," and they lend themselves excellently to the familiar narrative essay which is Mrs. Dargan's medium. Raciness is departing with depressing rapidity from rural America. Mrs. Dargan has erected in this book a literary monument to what now seems the quaintness of a surviving frontier. "Serena" and "Granpap" are especially recommended to readers who like personalities with salt in them.

THE ART OF FICTION. By *Edith Wharton.* Scribners. $2.

LETTERS TO A LADY IN THE COUNTRY. Edited by *Stuart P. Sherman.* Scribners. $2.

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THE STORY OF THE WORLD'S LITERATURE. By *John Macy.* Boni & Liveright. $5.

Biography

YOUTH AND THE EAST. By EDMUND CANDLER. Dutton. 1925. $6.

This volume is described in a subtitle as "an unconventional autobiography," but just why it is so advertised it is difficult to see. The author brings to the writing of these chapters a highly developed individuality and the turn of mind of a philosopher, yet the whole is little more than a series of deeply etched travel pictures in which the subjective element predominates.

Mr. Candler is a Cambridge graduate whose intellectual curiosity, sparsely fed at home, drew him "out East" in pursuit of the eternal verities. The weary years spent in Greek syntax and a meticulous translation of Xenophon's Anabasis were at last awarded by a sight of the broad, swollen Tigris on a certain mild day in April, and the seeds of classical erudition implanted at a standardized English public school came to full flower in the heart of the Himalayas. With the thoroughness characteristic of the educated Briton, Mr. Candler saturated himself with the life of the East, and it is no casual "first impression" that he gives us in this cross-section of his life of more than twenty years in Tibet, India, Syria, Siberia, and Mesopotamia. Mr. Candler's pen cuts deep, yet one must have been more than a fireside traveler into Asia to take this journey again, albeit vicariously and with the most sympathetic of guides.

We cannot refrain from commenting

(*Continued on next page*)

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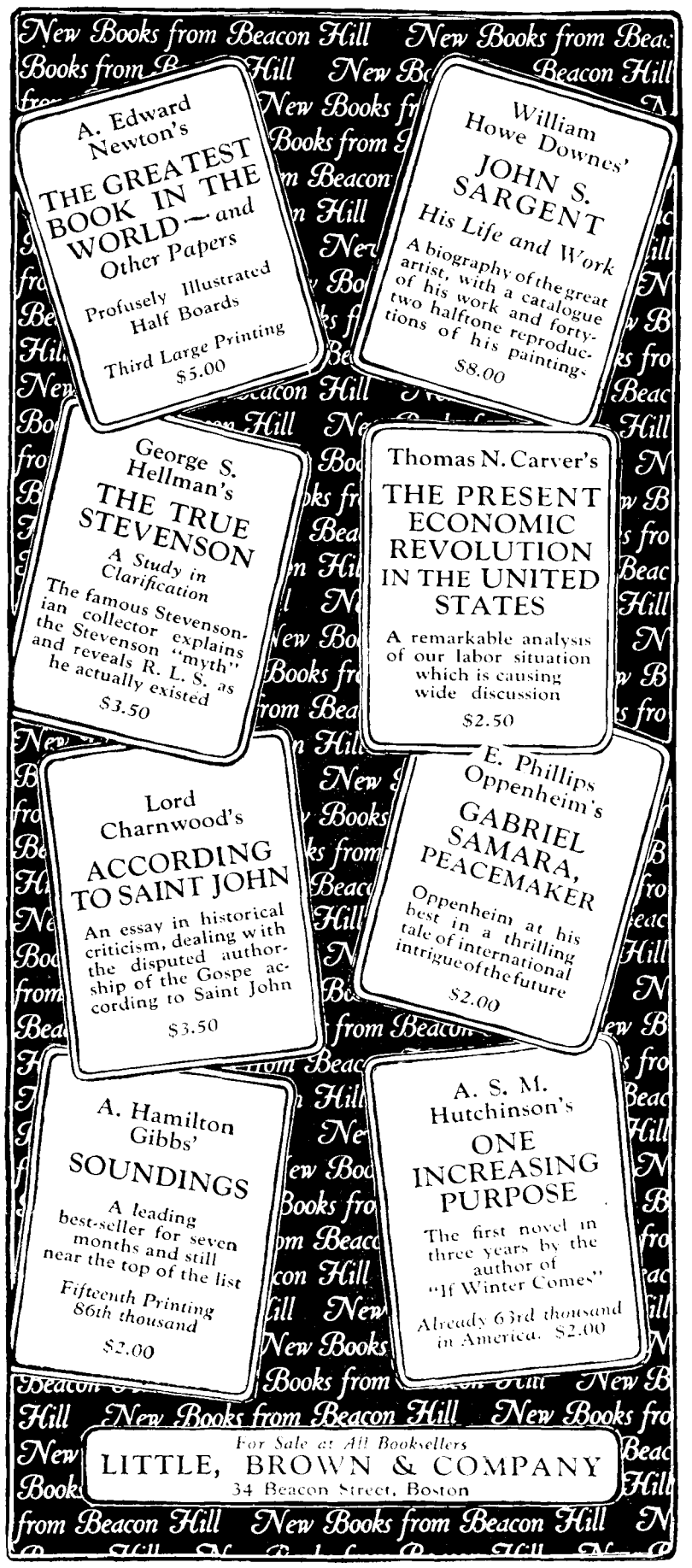
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The appearance of this work is the most important event of many years in the field of historical biography

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Biography

on the price of the volume which contains little more than 300 pages. It is printed in Great Britain on cheap English stock, the binding is simple in the extreme, and the book is unillustrated.

Fiction

SHANKLIN. By WEBB WALDRON. Bobbs-Merill. 1925. $2.

"Shanklin" stands midway between the ephemeral fiction which at best can simply be interesting, and artistic work produced through contemplation of the values of life. Its merit, rather oddly, springs from the lower and not the higher plane of writing. For as romantic melodrama, pervaded by an excitement which carries you steadily on, the book is of compelling interest. But as serious creative work, representing a search of the spirit and a man's experience and adjustments and revolts as he goes through life, it is an incoherent and inconclusive novel.

On the surface Mark Shanklin's spiritual quest is his quest of a missing friend whom he romantically idealizes. Below the surface it is the quest of a man seeking orientation and enlightenment in his tentative relationships with life. Mr. Waldron gives to this search the quality of a waking dream—it is romantic, melodramatic, psychical, intuitive, a none too real Odyssey of experiences in love, in politics, in business, in self-discovery. These experiences he conveys in a protean style which at times is admirable, but more often too rhetorical, too amateur, or too telegraphic. They are more tense, in a word, than they are real. From the nature of Shanklin's problems and the way he meets them, one supposes him intelligent, and from their effects upon him, romantic. But, one wonders, is not simply Mr. Waldron intelligent, and the treatment of his novel romantic? Shanklin has an abundance of vitality, but little individuality. The book is not clear cut, it lacks particularly the spiritual progress it demands, the progress its variety of experiences should bring about. It suggests that Mr. Waldron is capable of vital and coherent work, but it never for a moment proves it.

THE IRON CHALICE. By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN. Little, Brown. 1925. $2.

A story, particularly a novel, by Octavus Roy Cohen, which has nothing to do with negroes, is indeed unusual. To be more than this, unfortunately, is something which "The Iron Chalice" cannot honestly claim. An ingenious plot that peters out at the end, that is all. Surely Mr. Cohen must have written this in the earlier days when he was glad to appear in any magazine, and when the *Saturday Evening Post* seemed remote and unattainable; or else with an eye on the screen rights. For it is no more than a cheap thriller. The style is labored. Even the dramatic quality of the book is far below the level of that in his average short story. There is none of the bland humor, to relieve it, germane to the mouth of such as Mr. Florian Slappey. The costuming is bare; the stage, gusty and bleak.

Alan Beckwith, young, healthy, but jobless and in debt, contracts with a notorious leader of the underworld for thirteen months of life with $20,000, to spend. In return he is to take out a life insurance policy for $100,000, and to marry a certain young woman whom he does not know. He is to live with her for the whole thirteen months, and at the end of the period, when he has committed suicide (or been killed should he fail) the insurance money will go to his wife and thence to his so-called beneficiary. In outline it is the kind of story that Arthur Somers Roche can do well.

As it stands it is nearer the Henty books than the Cohen of "Bigger and Blacker". The characters are, none of them, interesting. A reiterated idea that the villain (North) "has got red lemonade in his veins" one finds by no means widely enough applied. And a further consistent thought of "bumping Mr. Beckwith off" is, unhappily, never consummated. Even the names of the two underworldlings, "Squint Scoggins" and "Nick Webb", recall with a rush our happy, jovial, and penny-a-liner days.

KINDRED. By ALICE PRESCOTT SMITH. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $2.

There is much that is individual and of interest in this novel. It is in plot a not unusual combination of mystery story and romance, but it is laid in the days and on the scene of the struggle of France and England for the control of American wildernesses, and its background of interplay between trading settlements and Indian tribes is well done and adds value to the book. The plot centres about an Englishman who, under an assumed name, ventures into a French settlement to secure information for political uses. Unexpectedly he runs upon mystery and drama bound up with his own near relatives, and a romance for himself is involved in the conclusion. An absence of melodrama and a quiet natural style lend sincerity and tone to what would not perhaps otherwise stand out from a usual type.

DECEMBER THE FOURTEENTH. By DMITRI S. MEREZHKHOVSKY. Translated by Nathalie A. Duddington. New York: International Publishers. 1925. $2.

In "December the Fourteenth" Dmitri Merezhkhovsky continues the *genre* of his first love, the historical novel, and his contribution to it is the same philosophical-mystical methodology that distinguishes the "Leonardo da Vinci" or "The Death of the Gods." Of profunity and cosmic comprehension there is no lack; but here as elsewhere in his work there are only flashes of the novelist's major art of human analysis,—a limitation that Merezhkhovsky does not share with a type of literature that boasts "War and Peace," "Michel Kohlhaas," and "Thais." Yet it is only just to add that if anywhere at all it is in "December the Fourteenth" that he stands on the brink of superior characterization. His Golitzin is an unfinished Ivan Karamazov, his conspirators *en masse* and individually touch lips with the seven who were hanged and his Czar Nicholas is a great character when he escapes being a nightmare.

Still the real mania of the artist remains in his manner of twanging an indifferent violin into a symphony of agonized sound that more than explanations or history tells the tragedy of a revolt that failed because of what has in literature, at least, become the typically Russian disparity between heart and mind. This is the historical novel at its best, —the fusion of the many into one, the amalgamation of many suggestions and snap-shots of character into an atmosphere modified by those who contribute their breath and vital heat to it; and it is fortunate for the author that such union takes place, for only because of it is our disaffection with much lackadaisical portraiture lessened. Thus, without denying an essential possibility, we may question why Khakovsky feels alone, apart, why Ryleyv is taken in by the insinuating confidences of Nicholas. On a screen of futility, conditional radicalism, and conditional mysticism, however, they are all unalterably real. In the accelerated tempo and sudden, painful suspensions of the story of the revolution of 1825 we have interest, power, and beauty, which in our opinion are seriously threatened only by the supererogation of the presence of Murayev—Apostol's Notes in the narrative.

There is even a promise in the story that leads inevitably to the year 1917. "Where the thunder has been there will be lightning too." Nevertheless, we cannot but suspect that the optimism of Merezhkhovsky is not that of the class-conscious proletariat. He believes in some strange incarnation of Christ and the eternal Virgin and Pity; Russia will be freed by this mystical Erd-Geist, the Mother. Bolshevik positivism one can hardly regard as the lineal descendant of men who felt that "If one is to live, the world as a whole must be justified."

KUNALA. By ARPAD FERENCZY. Harcourt, Brace. 1925. $2.

These sixteen tales are subtitled: "An Indian Fantasy," and are derived from Buddhist sacred lore, the Sage himself having originally designed them as warnings to novice monks against the sins of fornication. Mr. Ferenczy has, of course, taken merely the rough, basic material of each legend and created his own version therefrom. The principle advanced in all of them is that "woman is depraved, deadly, calamitous," and it is proved conclusively that she is. But the agencies employed to affirm this theory are limited to courtesans and other female deplorables.

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THE GRACE OF LAMBS. By MANUEL KOMROFF. Boni & Liveright. $2.

The short stories of Mr. Komroff have been admired in the better magazines for a number of years. His output has not been great, but it has been deemed sincere and craftsmanlike. The stories have also been "starred" and collected by that indefatigable anthologist, Edward J. O'Brien, whose benefices will make it possible for posterity to enjoy efficiently some thousands of literary treasures. When we say craftsmanlike, we are thinking of an accepted or established formula for the short-story; the short story developed from Poe, through the French, to the Russians, who are after all its latest masters. Peradventure, the technique of these stories is not only Russian, but their material also, since Mr. Komroff is a transplanted Russian who expresses himself with ease and simplicity in English.

Mr. Komroff's work has been admired, chiefly we daresay, because our short stories are for the most part written by so many third-rate and fourth-rate writers, so that his second-rateness has been impressive and pleasing. His restraint, his unpretentious style, one might almost say, have been unique.

Of the group of stories, the one called "Little Master of the Sky," and the one called "The Political Horse," seem to be best. The latter is filled with the rich, vulgar, irresistible humor of the Russians. It is a satire on the Russian revolution, and it is hard to explain how kindly and yet how broad its wit is. "Little Master of the Sky," is less probable, less realistic than the other stories, and even less carefully designed. It depends more on fantasy and its implications are far more suggestive and pervading than anything else Mr. Komroff has written. The principal is an idiot boy in a Russian village, who collects and plays with pigeons; who dies, strangely, and whose humble funeral cortège is ennobled by the heavenly train of his beloved birds who soar above his rude bier and follow it. The idea of this story is like something that grew inexplicably and left a hundred questions unanswered. It is unconsciously artistic. Judging by the title he has chosen for his book, the author must have admired the opening story, "The Grace of Lambs." We find it philosophizing a little trite, and its resolutions evasive and unimportant. It leans upon a mysticism which seems alluring at first but proves sterile in the end.

Probably many of the so called masters of the short story will undergo a decline in literary esteem in favor of the writers of more sustained and substantial pieces. The short story of today still dominates our magazine literature because of the facility with which it may be read, but it becomes more and more apparent that it is an inferior form as exploited by most modern writers. Out of a period that has produced few eminent prose-writers, Mr. Komroff's models will probably be preserved; they will probably remain a little, despite the indefatigable Edward J. O'Brien.

"DAWGS!:" AN ANTHOLOGY OF STORIES ABOUT THEM. Edited by CHARLES WRIGHT GRAY. Holt. 1925. $2.50.

The bibliography of dog stories appended to this collection is not complete, but is nearly enough to show how few they are and how very few the really good ones are. Mr. Gray seems to have confined his choices to the recent or little known, and to have made a point of including Western writers. Perhaps he could not get the use of some quite unhackneyed stories he lists that are better than any of a number of these fifteen, the best of which are, in their order in the book: Charles Alexander's "As A Dog Should;" Don Marquis's Twain-esque "Being a Public Character," Elsie Singmaster's "Pair of Lovers;" D. H. Lawrence's "Rex;" Samuel Hopkins Adams's "Such as Walk in Darkness;" and R. G. Kirk's "White Monarch and the Gas-House Pup." Albert Payson Terhune is represented, but not by one of his best collie tales, and Tarkington and O. Henry are dragged in with humorous squibs.

HERBS AND APPLES. By HELEN HOOVEN SANTMYER. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $2.50.

The pathos of a weak talent succumbing to the inertia of native circumstance after a few of its green fruits had been gathered is the theme of this first novel. The heroine, Derrick Thornton, a prodigy of a small Ohio town, is exhibited in the [illegible] girls enable her to [illegible] girlhood at home, [illegible] of the undergraduate [illegible] in eastern college and [illegible] of the frequent con[illegible] and reviews in [illegible] back again to the Ohio [illegible] dutiful womanhood [illegible] the talent are exigent [illegible] pathos moderately deep, [illegible] smothered in a welter [illegible] Dress, to be sure, are [illegible] interesting part of the book, [illegible], consciously and unin[illegible] how a certain type of young [illegible] the recent graduate of a wom[illegible] college who comes to New York [illegible] larger literary ambition or simply [illegible] to win and keep independence—[illegible] and thinks and lives. It would appear that she remains at the surface, spreads herself rather thinly, as the author of the book herself has done in her presentation of the type. Under the facetious dialogues, the patter about books and ideas and the career, one can detect the wistfulness and sentimentality of an ungrown emotional life necessarily unfruitful in art. There is something in the air of these associations of Derrick Thornton's that keeps her at the level of wistfulness—a wistfulness concealed beneath a bright film of jocosity and cynicism *a la mode*. Derrick begins and ends her "career" in this undeveloped state of the emotions, and for this reason it is hard to sympathize with her defeat, her [illegible] to hurry her talent. She has not tried hard to make a place in actuality for her dreams. It may be unfair to apply this scale to the heroine and the book about her, but one cannot help remembering that Charlotte Brontë returned from her brief excursion into the world and in the midst of household duties of the most onerous sort wrote the novels that still hold a high place in English literature. She and her sister Emily, with so little experience of men and women as their sojourn at Brussels and a country life remote from centres of artistic endeavour afforded them, did not fail in artistic purpose and energy when they retreated to Haworth. Their experience of life and passion was almost altogether inward; still it was not cautious nor shamefaced, and, in its marriage with a strong creative faculty, bore fruit.

THE DREAM-MAKER MAN. By *Fanney Heaslip Lea*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

PENGUIN ISLAND. By *Anatole France*. Dodd, Mead. $5.

A HOUSE OF POMEGRANATES. By *Oscar Wilde*. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

STEEL DECKS. By *James B. Connolly*. Scribners. $2.

FOLLY. By *Clement Wood*. Small, Maynard. $2.

THE TROUBLE MAKER. By *E. R. Eastman*. Macmillan. $2.

WILD GEESE. By *Martha Ostenso*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

CHANNING COMES THROUGH. By *Charles Alden Seltzer*. Century. $2.

THE MADONNA OF THE BARRICADES. By *J. St. Loe Strachey*. Harcourt, Brace.

FAMES. By *Jacob Wassermann*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

CONCERNING HIM. Doran. $2 net.

THE ISLAND OF THE GREAT MOTHER. By *Gerhart Hauptmann*. Viking Press. $2.50.

THE SPELL OF SARINA. By *Mrs. Baillie Reynolds*. Doran. $2 net.

SETTLERS OF THE MARSH. By *Frederick Philip Grove*. Doran. $2 net.

PORTRAIT OF A MAN WITH RED HAIR. By *Hugh Walpole*. Doran. $2 net.

BROKEN WATERS. By *Frank L. Packard*. Doran. $2 net.

Juvenile

THE CHILDREN OF DICKENS. By SAMUEL MCCHORD CROTHERS. Scribners. 1925. $2.50.

Some years ago a series of colored [illegible] by Jessie Wilcox Smith portraying David Copperfield, Tiny Tim, Oliver [illegible] other child characters from Dickens, appeared in magazine form and [illegible] best popular ever since. Now Samuel McChord Crothers has written little [illegible] these same children to accom[illegible] pictures and make a *de luxe* holi[illegible] book. He has been wonderfully successful in these brief character sketches, [illegible] he has managed to preserve much [illegible] of the original, keeping the [illegible] style of Dickens himself in most effective [illegible] quotations, charming bits of his own humor [illegible] here and there. We [illegible] not like stories abridged and [illegible] to the supposed needs of children, [illegible] in this case we think Dr. Crothers has proved an exception to the rule.

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Juvenile

(*Continued from preceding page*)

YEA, SHERITON: By GEORGE F. PIERROT. Doubleday, Page. 1925. $1.75.

An excellent college juvenile for boys from eleven to sixteen years of age. Mr. Pierrot is managing editor of *The American Boy*, and writes graphically and with gusto about all the exciting events beginning with a big class rush that usher in and accompany the career of one Philip Jones at an imaginary small college. The book is wholesome in atmosphere and full of incident. We tried it on a small boy of our acquaintance who brought in a very favorable report.

POOR CECCO. By MARGERY WILLIAMS BIANCO. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. Doran. 1925. $3.

Here is a truly delightful book for children. It ran serially in a large household magazine. Mrs. Bianco is the author of that delicious fantasy "The Velveteen Rabbit", and the mother of the famous Pamela Bianco. Rackman has surpassed himself in his illustrations to this volume, and poor Cecco, the wooden dog, with his nobility and his vastly adventurous spirit, will surely become a loved intimate of every child who reads about him. The book is most attractive in format.

SWEET TIMES AND THE BLUE POLICEMAN. By STARK YOUNG. Holt. 1925. $2.

Mr. Stark Young is already well-known as a brilliant dramatic critic. This collection of fairy plays, originally created for the children of Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn, recently President of Amherst, can really be read to children and really acted, without scenery or costumes. They are thoroughly natural and appealing. The illustrations by Edwin Avery Park are charming.

THE GOBLINS OF HAUBECK. By ALBERTA BANCROFT. McBride. 1925. $1.50.

A children's book of fairy-tales that stands out from the general run of such stories, both by reason of Miss Bancroft's engaging style and of Harold Sichel's delightful illustrations. Here is an old-time village, goblin haunted. One little rebellious goblin and a mischievous changeling furnish the fun. This story for younger children should be put with the pick of the heap for the season. Its dress, style, and illustrations are all above the average.

THE HAPPY DRAGON. By A. THATCHER and C. J. HOGARTH. Brentanos. 1925. $2.

Here are no hackneyed fairy tales. Here is a highly original touch, and the interpolated verse is delightful. Don't overlook "The Happy Dragon" among children's books for Christmas. There is not only a refreshing individuality to it but also a real sense of poetry, a true whimsicality. It is not for the very little but for those older children who are truly imaginative. And adults with a sense of humor and an aesthetic sense will find some of the tales anything but tedious. The book is likely to be overlooked in the Christmas rush. But these writers have a real *flair* for juvenile writing.

THE MIRACLE MINE. By W. A. ROGERS. Harpers. 1925. $1.75.

A capital story for boys, full of adventures in the open, in the way of shooting cougars, grizzly bears, and cobras in the wilds of Colorado away back in the 'seventies. There is a great deal of information thrown in casually, but never intruded. The interest is well sustained, and the subject of prime interest.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE SKY-SCRAPERS. By MABEL CLELAND WIDDEMER. Harcourt, Brace. 1925. $1.75.

This story about the adventures of a group of children from an American and an Italian family living side by side in a crowded New York tenement house, seems to us a mildly interesting and not particularly well written tale. There is plenty of action, however, of the sort children like, and the youthful heroes and heroines are undeniably modern youngsters in spite of the rather too obvious efforts of the author to use them for pointing her morals.

UNCLE LUBIN. By W. HEATH ROBINSON. Stokes. 1925. $2.50.

Heath Robinson is not only an inimitable comic draughtsman but produced some years ago a children's fantasy, "Bill, The Minder" that will probably be remembered for its eccentric delightfulness. Now in "Uncle Lubin" he comes with a shorter volume written and illustrated and embellished by himself, a volume of equal originality and fascination. Just to say "Heath Robinson" should, we feel, be enough, for surely there are few in our way who can approach him in the wildness of his fancy and the deft execution of his gorgeously preposterous designs. Children are fortunate to claim a portion of his time and unique talent.

MR. MARIONETTE. By KATHLEEN COLVILL. With illustrations by Albert Rutherston. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $1.50.

This is a slim book with delicately fantastic illustrations and a slight but charming story. It is written with distinction.

THE ENCHANTED CHILDREN. By VIVIAN T. POMEROY. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $1.75.

This book is mostly about members of royal families, but sometimes about plain little boys and girls or even about a barnyard cock. In every case, the trick of the book lies in applying every day and usually very modern details to romantic material: "the queen found she could not manage on her housekeeping money." A being of gentle fancy takes up this humorous way of writing and the results are stories readable and often clever—but the whole will not set the world of children's literature on fire.

Miscellaneous

THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC. By *Edward Dickinson.* Scribners. $2.

THE DRIFTING COWBOY. By *Will James.* Scribners. $3.50.

HAND-READING TODAY. By *Ethel Watts Mumford.* Stokes. $1.50.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE OPERA. By *Mary Fitch Watkins.* Stokes. $2.50.

THE TRAGEDY OF WASTE. By *Stuart Chase.* Macmillan. $2.50.

REAL PUZZLES. By *John Q. Boyer, Rufus T. Strohm, and George H. Pryor.* Baltimore: Norman, Remington. $2.

THE WAY OF THE WILD. By *Herbert Ravenal Sass.* Minton, Balch.

Science

MODERN ASTROPHYSICS. By HERBERT DINGLE. Macmillan. 1925. $8.50.

This is an age in which traditional ideas are being modified or demolished in almost all the sciences. Astronomy, the oldest of all sciences, is no exception. In the first part of the last century it was rather widely believed that the limit of astronomical discovery was in sight. A good deal was known regarding the solar system, but the outlying universe of stars was an enigma, about which astronomers could do little more than speculate. A hundred years ago Sir William Herschel could believe that the sun was a cool and habitable globe.

The invention of the spectroscope, which analyzes the light of the stars and reveals a host of facts regarding their nature, changed all that. The new science of astrophysics, which deals with the constitution, arrangement in space, and history of the stars and nebulæ, has gained the centre of the stage, and is at present in the most remarkable period of its development—perhaps the most important epoch in astronomy since Newton's time. This subject possesses the peculiar charm which attaches to a science which is just in the making, together with the fascination of a truly cosmic sweep.

Professor Dingle's is the first comprehensive treatise on modern astrophysics which has been written in English. It is intended primarily for the general public, and it can be recommended to any layman who wishes to gain a fairly thorough understanding of the whole field. Unfortunately, being an inexpensive and rather large book (it contains some 400 closely printed pages), it is not likely to find a wide audience. Professionals will be impatient with its popular style, and with its complete avoidance of mathematical reasoning.

The treatment is lucid throughout, and the book presents in logical sequence a great number of recent facts and theories which would otherwise be accessible only in the scattered pages of scientific journals. There are many excellent photographs.

The author devotes considerable space to the question of the nature of spiral nebulæ. It is an interesting illustration of the rapid growth of the science that this question has already been answered, Hub-

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ble of Mount Wilson having discovered that these nebulæ are remote systems of stars, similar to that Galaxy, 300,000 light-years in diameter, of which our own sun is so insignificant a member.

Travel

MY AFRICAN NEIGHBORS. By HANS COUDENHOVE. Little, Brown. 1925. $2.50.

It seems impossible that there should be a white man, a man educated at Europe's foremost universities with a pair of keen, observant eyes who has "never seen an airplane, or a dirigible balloon, or a motor-bus, or a taxicab, or a motor-boat, or a wireless apparatus, or a cloud-picture, or the president of a republic, or a portrait of Einstein, or a Bolshevik." Yet such a man is Hans Coudenhove who, since 1898 has lived continuously south of the Equator in eastern Africa, with the exception of a few hours when he crossed the line into Jubaland. And this self-imposed exile is because of his interest in primitive peoples and animals "from a psychological point of view."

From his experience of more than a quarter century he draws his anecdotes of his black companions and their curious ways; of animals from bats to baboons and mambas to mosquitoes; making his observations with a gentle cynicism and the flavor of a literary background of a past generation. His remarks are not stuffy and scientific, rather are they the stories of an out-door man, running as a swift moving narrative, with here and there a pause for reflection and the conclusions of a student.

The author's method is empirical in dealing with the Negro mind and from the mass of objective material spread before us we are led into interesting and unusual conclusions regarding Black psychology. If, like Count Keyserling, we had the faculty of becoming imbued with this (if we may use the term) disjunctive psychology, how reasonable we might find those curious folk and their folkways!

None the less interesting are Mr. Coudenhove's observations on animals, birds and insects. He is not the collector of trophies, but the friendly observer with the patience to win the confidence of the wild creatures and the time to study their habits. In fact he says, "my only friends were those whom the destroyer of creation affects to call 'dumb'."

"My African Neighbors" is a new type of travel book. It is a series of delightfully written essays, amusing, serious, sympathetic, by a man of unique experience. And it is so chockful of anecdote and information that it should be a source of repeated enjoyment to the vicarious wanderer.

BOULEVARD ALL THE WAY— MAYBE. By JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG. Doran. 1925. $2.

The story of a motor trip from New York to California and return, dashed off with that cheap jauntiness which has become the familiar patter of the American humorist. Illustrated with three good pictures and ten fair ones by the author. General effect of "dictated but not read"; really funny upon occasion—as in the little hotel about which locomotives shrieked all night "as if to warn the guests not to walk upon the tracks in their pajamas". Usually not nearly so good as this. Skin deep. Manhattan having its customary laugh at the rest of the country.

Brief Mention

THE first and largest volume upon our shelf today is a new edition of a standard work in the International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method, which Harcourt, Brace is publishing in this country in connection with Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd. in England. This is a convenient one-volume reissue of *Frederick Albert Lange's* "The History of Materialism" originally published in 1865. The work is of great importance for the understanding of the materialistic drift of the Nineteenth Century. It is, in all, the third edition of Lange, and bears an introduction by *Bertrand Russell*. (Harcourt, Brace. $5). From Materialism to Faith! *Basil King*, who wrote "The Conquest of Fear," has now produced "Faith and Success," (Doubleday, Page. $2) a book on the psychology of faith, spiritually rather than scientifically considered. This is an unorthodox but deeply religious volume. Whence we come to "Then and Now," by *Mrs. H. A. L. Fisher*, with an introduction by the *Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, O. M.* (Oxford University Press. $1.75). This is a brief but illuminating study of the depression in England after the Napoleonic Wars. It is especially interesting for purposes of comparison with the situation today. "British Politics in Transition," by *Edward Warrington Carr* and *David P. Barrows* (World Book Co.) is, in the same general field, an informative manual covering the branches of the British Government,—Sovereign, House of Lords, Commons, Electorate, Cabinet, and so on, their functions being illustrated by pertinent quotations from relevant political debate. Next to it, on the shelf, comes "Makers of Naval Tradition," by *Carroll Storrs Allen* and *Ralph Earle* (Ginn & Co.), a text-book for naval students and a brief general biography of the great men of our naval history. It is flanked by "Our Prehistoric Forerunners," by *C. E. Vulliamy*, F. R. G. S. (Dodd, Mead. $2.50), a popular survey of the history of primitive man, with accounts of famous discoveries.

That seems a solid enough miscellaneous group! But the remainder of the shelf inclines to *belles lettres*. First of this second group, in The Dial Press's "The Fireside Library," Lincoln MacVeagh presents *A. Compton-Rickett's* study, "Robert Browning: Humanist" (The Dial Press. $1.50). This is a selection of Browning poems with a cogent introductory essay. Then *Frederick C. Prescott's* and *John H. Nelson's* "Prose and Poetry of the Revolution," (Crowell. $1.50) juxtaposes itself. There are no easily accessible excerpts from much of this literature since Tyler's monumental literary history of the Revolution. It is a companion volume to "Colonial Prose and Poetry" (Trent and Wells), continuing early American literature down to the beginnings of the Republic.

"How to Produce Amateur Plays," by *Barrett H. Clark*, (Little, Brown. $2), is a new and enlarged edition of the volume Mr. Clark brought out eight years ago. The book became the standard practical manual of amateur play production. Now it has been entirely rewritten, though everything essential has been retained. *Upton Sinclair's* drama of *O. Henry* in Prison, "Bill Porter" (published by Upton Sinclair, Pasadena, California) is founded upon O. Henry's experiences in the Ohio State Penitentiary, and has the O. K. of *Al Jennings*, Porter's intimate both in prison and previously in Central America, as to its foundation upon fact. "Small Wars" (Little, Brown) is a pleasant little brochure of triviality by the author of "The Notion-Counter." "Endymion and Phoebe" (Houghton Mifflin. $2) is a beautiful slim volume, printed at the Shakespeare Head Press and enshrining *Michael Drayton's* glorious old poem, edited by *J. William Hebel* of Cornell. Which brings us to nine volumes of contemporary minor poetry, if only by way of contrast.

One of the best of these is the first volume of English poetry written by a Philippine poet. He came to America in 1918, served for a time in our navy and went to the University of California. He is *M. de Gracia Concepcion*, author of "Azucena" (Putnam). His is a frail free verse, but not without its charm and poignancy. *Barton Rees Pogue's* "Songs of the Soil" (Old Swimmin' Hole Press, Greenfield, Indiana. $1) is homespun verse, illustrated terribly by amateur photographs! "The Sea Wall," by *Lyon Sharmon* (The Macmillan Company of Canada), is a book very prettily decorated by the author with adaptations of Chinese designs, the title poem having its inspiration in a few romantic legends of Hangchow history. The verse is not distinguished. "White Fire," by *Grace Noll Crowell* (Poetry Society of Texas: Dallas, Texas), a collection which won the award in the first annual book-publishing contest of the Poetry Society of Texas; "Candle and Cross," by *Elizabeth Scollard* (The Mosher Press: Portland, Maine), "Mother and Son," by *Robert Norwood* (Doran. $1.50), and "Poems by Three Friends" (Portland, Maine: Smith & Sale) contain, in the case of the two ladies, slight subjective, introspective, emotional verse without any great distinction. In the case of the Three Friends, theirs is quite mediocre stuff. In the case of Mr. Norwood, he begins with "Hushaby, lullaby, baby!" and ends with "The stars are plenty overhead." His dialect in "The Mother of Coin" is pretty labored. His poem on "The Mother of Christ" is reverent but uninspired. He has "a vision of the brotherhood of man" say his publishers,—but he cannot properly convey it.

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of Literature

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The Contest Editor
The Saturday Review
25 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Points of View

Futilitarians

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

In your magazine for October 10th, Mr. Elmer Davis—under the title "Tohu and Bohu"—jests smartly about life and futility and gin. He feels that truth is not to be found: why, then, he asks, worry about it? Two dollars is still two dollars—to buy a book or a bottle with. With the solemn insincerity peculiar to youth, Mr. Davis advises Rose Macaulay and William Gerhardi to fake a pattern, since no pattern can be discerned; to forget life's pointlessness, as every one else does; and to produce books filled with synthetic optimism more potent for forgetfulness than the stuff the bootleggers sell.

"What is truth?" asked Pilate—so Mr. Davis reminds us—and would not wait for an answer. Mr. Davis waits for no answer either. That is the Futilitarian way. They look into their own minds as into mirrors that are brilliant and superficial. That which gazes back at them is a Futility. "The truth is that there is no truth!" they cry. So also reason the Bandar-log.

Of course there is no reality behind the word Futilitarian. Mr. Davis says the Futilitarian is biologically a degenerate. He is nothing of the sort. He is merely being insincere, consciously or not. The Futilitarian writer is one who observes without correlation, and decides that all events are causeless. But he continues to live. If life have no more purpose than breakfast, or gin, or a book, it is not futile. No man convinced of life's futility would draw another breath.

But let us assume that a Futilitarian is one who concedes that life has minor gratifications but no visible major end—no "unifying or arranging principle in the data of experience." What then? Is it worth while to try to convince such a man to the contrary?

Certainly not for his own sake. For his mind has closed almost as soon as it opened. After the most casual glance about him, he condemns what he has not even attempted to understand. Life is but an empty dream. Nothing remains—except to write a book about it.

And, shallow though it may be, such a book, if sincere, has its use. For who knows how many Macaulays and Gerhardis the eternal balance may need, to neutralize a single Harold Bell Wright!

Mr. Davis will not allow his allies in futility their little truth, however. "What does the average citizen want —" he asks —"when he has perceived that life is meaningless? He wants something which will give him a sense of order, even fictitious order; a meaning which he can enjoy even though he knows that this meaning is wholly artificial. . ."

A best seller, in other words. Mr. Davis complains bitterly that all Futilitarians except himself believe in what they write. He counsels them to put tongue in cheek, and write what people want—cheering futile lives on their way to futile graves.

Of course the average citizen does not think that life is meaningless. But let that pass. Mr. Davis sees it so—yet not so completely that he is sure of what he sees. Cheerful books sell, he observes; why, then, should not a cheerless man write a cheerful book—one which may bring in much money, and buy him many a roseate bottled dream?

Surely this is a spiritual blindness far below the Futilitarian myopia. No honest man will deny even a bitter conviction; a brave honest man will die, if need be, for a dogma of annihilation which has convinced him. Mr. Davis counsels no such devotion to a nullity. He would have his fellows shout "God's in His Heaven . . . !" for their ration of gin!

What truth is, no man knows fully. Yet all the data of experience fit together like mosaic-work. Each science brings a half-finished pattern, and where sciences meet, they dovetail. No result exists without its cause. Law, once observed, is everywhere consistent. If it appear not to be so, the fault is in the data. So men discovered the planet Neptune—because gravitation, elsewhere calculable, seemed erratic in its influence on Uranus. The law was right. The perceived data were wrong.

Then—granting an orderly world of cause and result—can we doubt that the truth we have not yet found is no less consistent than the truth we know? Is faith less truly faith, arguing from the known into darkness, than the faith of revelations which argue backward from a far unknown? Surely not. And if there be cause, may there not be purpose also . . .?

The Futilitarians do not look so deep. Yet not even Futility is quite futile, if it keep faith with itself. Rose Macaulay and William Gerhardi may not believe in life, but their unfaith is at least sound. The trend of their spirits may have distorted their data of experience to form convictions that are no more than nonsense. Yet still they deserve to be heard. Mr. Davis's case is different. For if a man echo "What is truth?" and answer: "It is a lie"—what shall we say of him . . . except that here is true Futility, self-conscious and alone!

H. M. HAMILTON.

Forlorn Hope

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

North, East, South, and West I've quoted, expounded, illustrated it! Once I printed it in the Middle West. Now, while I'm mixing a cross-word puzzle with it, adapting it to the movies, and preparing it for broadcasting by radio, I accept the Editor's challenge to beat all that by inserting it in "Points of View." Can its ghost thus be laid? Frankly I'm sceptical, for North, South, East, and West it bobs up every day to plague me—aye, and even in the Middle West, quite as often on High Street as on Main Street. All one summer it flaunted its wiles and its victims before my eyes in the sacrosanct stacks of one of our great libraries. And even the columns of *The Saturday Review of Literature* are not guiltless! What *It*? Why the fourth and fifth letters of the alphabet, or, to be exact and grammatical, the correct use of their combination, which forms one of the shortest words, and certainly the most abused, in the French language. Most Americans may say amen to the remark of the Commandant in "Le Voyage de M. Perrichon:" "La langue française . . . est une dame de bonne maison, élégante, mais un peu cruelle." But Littré's dictionary may help us to win one of her smiles. Let us then ferret out *particule nobiliaire* under *nobiliaire*. The dictionary is a ponderous one, but—*noblesse oblige!* Littré quotes Vian, *La Particule Nobiliaire*, as follows:

"The particule *de* never stands alone before the name: a Montmorency or a Biron do not sign de Montmorency or de Biron, . . . but *Charles de Montmorency, duc de Biron*. When signing a note to a friend or a document, *de* is not used; Grammont, Richelieu, Mortemart. When neither title of nobility nor Monsieur or Monseigneur is used there is no *de*: '*J'ai rencontré le comte de Ségur*,' and not j'ai rencontré de Ségur; 'Mon cher *Grignan*', and not de Grignan, says Mme de Sévigné. There are two exceptions: the *de* stands, even without Christian name, qualification or title, 1. before names of one syllable or of two syllables ending in a mute *e* Thus de Thou wrote correctly: '*J'ai vu de Sèze*.' 2. Before names which begin with a vowel or a silent *h*: *l'Armorial de d'Hozier; à moi d'Auvergne*; le fille de d'Orléans."—Hence let us write *Guy de Maupassant*, or *Maupassant* (not de Maupassant); the *comte de Vigny, Alfred de Vigny* or *Vigny* (not de Vigny) etc. The error is not confined to foreigners. Balzac, who signed his own patent of nobility, loved his *de* so dearly that he never tired of signing his dedications *de Balzac*, to the gaiety of the initiated.

And while we are about it let's note that the abbreviations for Madame (Mme), and for Mademoiselle (Mlle), are not followed by a period in French. This is the jealously guarded prerogative of Monsieur (M.). And beware of abbreviating when addressing your letters to Madame de la Langue Française.

BENJAMIN M. WOODBRIDGE.
Reed College.

Erratum

In the issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature* for October 31 the title Editor London *Daily News* appeared under the name of Mr. Alfred G. Gardiner, the reviewer of Viscount Gray's "Twenty-five Years." Though Mr. Gardiner is still a constant contributor to the *Daily News* he has not for two years been its editor.

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Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

[illegible] the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

THE JESUIT MARTYRS. Edited by Edna Kenton. (A. & C. Boni).

AMERICANA, 1925. Edited by H. L. Mencken. (Knopf).

MOTHER. By E. F. Benson. (Doran).

S. H. L., Massachusetts, is about to take up the work of a social secretary, and asks a number of questions on the duties of such a post and the books that would help one to meet them. Without repeating the questions, here are some of the books:

"THE SOCIAL SECRETARY," by Elizabeth Myers (Brentano), is a slender book defining the general duties of the post and suggesting means by which it may successfully be filled. With this use "The Social Letter," by the same author (Brentano), which is especially for this purpose. The appropriateness of H. S. McCauley's "Getting Your Name in Print" (Funk & Wagnalls) is evident: it is a lucid and sensible little book about the ethics of newspaper publicity, how to treat reporters, how to prepare information for the society columns, and other matters of the kind.

There is a new encyclopedia of behavior, "Standard Etiquette," by Anna Steese Richardson (Harper), a large and comprehensive work of reference to which it is exceptionally easy to refer, on account of the arrangement. This is by question and answer, classified under every sort of subject, and with a good index, so that any point in question may be looked up in no time. The author has been settling such questions for years in women's magazines, and the replies are such as would apply from coast to coast. There are pictures wherever needed. Several new books deal with correct costume, another question on this list. It may be because clothes for women are now so sensible that books may be written about them that have a chance of lasting value as well as present usefulness. "The Well-Dressed Woman," by Anne Rittenhouse (Harper), applies first principles to present fashions so well that the reader may continue to apply them for as long as fashions continue to have principles. "The Smartly Dressed Woman," by Emily Burbank (Dodd, Mead), discusses the decorative value and appropriateness of various types of contemporary dress, with photographs, and then runs through a rapid history of clothing design illustrated mainly from paintings. It has been a long time since it would have been safe to put these two kinds of illustration near each other in the same book, but only an elderly and jaundiced eye could refuse to see that these present-day photographs stand a chance of being beautiful after the fashion has changed. The principles involved in a wise choice of clothes, whether the income be large or small, are discussed in Caroline Duer's "How to Tell the Fashions from the Follies" (Scribner), a book that would save both money and tears to many a young woman and give her not a few smiles meanwhile.

Two of the month's novels will be useful to this inquirer, or anyone interested in the doings of high society. Emily Price Post, author of that famous and already standard work, "Etiquette," publishes her first novel through the same house, Funk & Wagnalls. It has to do with a social career of a synthetic beauty who keeps her looks, somewhat dubiously procured and maintained, so long that like other possessions treasured without use, they are suddenly discovered to be useless to the owner. "The Reluctant Duchess," by Alice Duer Miller (Dodd, Mead), is a joyful fairy-tale romping through circles in which social secretaries are required: there is one in this story, which has to do with an international marriage that almost does not come off. I must include in this group of tales of the smart set Arthur Somers Roche's "The Pleasure Buyers" (Macmillan), not only because it deals with high life (and murder mysteries) in Florida, but because it has followed me so persistently that it ought to get into this column. I began it months ago in a train coming from the West and read one instalment in that magazine; last April I found it had reached, in the pages of an evening newspaper, just the place where I had left off, and went on with the story until I sailed. In May, waiting for luncheon at St. George, Bermuda, I beguiled the time with a stray magazine—in which was the story beginning at the point where I had last left it. And in August I came upon it in a London morning paper, where it had reached exactly the point where it broke off in Bermuda. It was manifest destiny that I should subscribe for that paper and discover—though not until the very last instalment!—who really did kill that man.

E. M., Mansfield, Mass., asks for a clear and simple book for the use of a beginner, on the subject of handmade pottery.

"POTTERY," by George James Cox (Macmillan), is one of a series of small books on technical art. It is intended as a complete guide for student or teacher, and has detailed but simple directions.

E. P. C., Brooklyn, N. Y., asks for books on glaciers that would be illuminating to one having no geological knowledge: their origin, behavior and results.

"ICE AGES," by Joseph McCabe (Putnam), is a popularly written and interesting account of the glacial epoch. The U. S. Government publications for Glacier National Park are valuable for travellers and students: there are a number of them on various features of the region, and they may be obtained from the Superintendent of Documents at Washington. "Glacier Natural Park," by Mathilde E. Holtz and K. I. Bemis (Doran), is an illustrated and descriptive guide that tells a great deal about glaciers.

C. F., Yonkers, adds to the list of books dealing with the Philippines published in the Guide two books published by the World Book Co. One, "History of the Philippines," by David P. Barrows, formerly president of the University of California, and director of education for the islands, gives an interesting, comprehensive historical account of them from the earliest records to 1925. As Chief of the Bureau of Ethnology the author's work took him into the wilder parts of the country and among the non-Christian tribes, and he had been for long before that a student of history, especially of the Spanish American countries. "The Sulu Archipelago and its People," by Sixto Y. Orosa, M. D., is a sympathetic account of the author's Mohammedan fellow-countrymen, the Moros,

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By Austen K. Gray

(Now being performed at the Booth Theatre in New York)

A MODERN audience, as a rule, goes to see Hamlet on the stage under very grave disabilities. Some of them lie with the audience itself, others come from the actors. To begin with, we all know something about the play before we see it. The tiredest of tired business men knows, for instance, that Hamlet was an unconscionable time murdering his uncle for reasons which have always remained an enigma. The severe young intellectual who doesn't read Shakespeare on principle because Shaw is better, knows well enough that Hamlet is given to morbid soliloquy, which is undramatic according to the latest text-book on "Dramatic Technique in a Fortnight." And flappers and their friends know that sooner or later someone is going to recite "To be or not to be, that is the question." In other words, there are no surprises in the play. It reaches us with all the thrills, the suspense, and the subtle unrolling of character discounted in advance.

As a consequence, we frankly give up all interest in the play as a play, and pin our faith upon the actors. We go to see John Barrymore or Forbes-Robertson, some actor whose tricks and mannerisms we know by heart, give what is known as an "interpretation" of the part of Hamlet. An "interpretation" of Hamlet means that we behold John Barrymore or Forbes-Robertson upholstered in black fancy-dress, like an Italian tenor in mourning for his voice, but otherwise he carries on very much as usual—in fact, a little more than usual, for Shakespeare is not there to call him to order. It is a star-performance, of course; the other actors are a mere wash-water background to the central figure in black tights. Ophelia, because she goes mad on the stage and gives an actress such a chance is always the "heroine," and so must possess a discreet amount of talent. But anything short and plump and broken down will do for King Claudius and Queen Gertrude, anything long and lank and raw for Horatio and Laertes.

Another difficuly is the clothes. Ever since Kemble decided to turn "Gothick" in the part of Hamlet, the melancholy Dane has been condemned to the deepest mourning, lit up only with a gold chain, and to a costume which frankly comes from nowhere but the Bad Child's Book of Beasts. It is partly the costume of a mediæval page, a little bit more the costume of a gentleman-usher at some corrupt Italian court of the times of the Borgias, but when all is said and done it reminds us most of the Knave of Spades. So, too, with Ophelia; she has a pretty taste in what our grandmothers called "tea-gowns;" they are pink or pale-green when she is sane, and white when she is crazy, as a protest against one of the genial country ditties that she chants—the ditty that made Goethe "perpend" in solemn German wise, with a reminiscent eye upon the pastor's daughter of Sesenheim. And as for the rest of the puppets, they are vikings, knights of the Faerie Queen, courtiers of the Renaissance, Garter Kings-at-Arms, Rouge Dragons, Blue-mantles, what you will and as you like it. It is hard enough work for an audience, not overblest with an historic sense, to take very seriously a play in which the characters are tricked out in the masquerade of an old, dead time, but when they are arrayed in the habiliments of no time, even the most willing mind gives up the task in despair, and looks upon the unhappy Dane as a picturesque hippogriff and upon his companions in woe as so many lions and unicorns.

Yet the play does possess a thrill, does present a problem; actors still stage it, insolently hoping that they will give the thrill and solve the problem; audiences still go to see it, dumbly hoping that they will feel the thrill and glimpse the problem. Certainly it thrilled and puzzled our Elizabethan ancestors when they saw it for the first time in the Globe Theatre. They went to see it again and again, they quoted from it; even such a dusty pedant as Gabriel Harvey was startled into admiring it; other playwrights payed it the honor of imitation in sundry Revenger's Tragedies and Lover's Melancholies; gloomy gentlemen who toyed with skulls and crazy, love-lorn damsels who played with rosemary and rue became an obession in the dramatic mind of England. How on earth did this enthusiasm arise? we ask. How can we win back this first fine careless rapture?

Well, it is too much to ask that the family Shakespeare and the textbooks should be burnt; we live in the days of "culture" and can't be excused our Shakespeare. And I hesitate to recommend that no one should read a play of Shakespeare's until he has seen it on the stage. But by all means burn all the books *about* Shakespeare, particularly the essays on Hamlet (except Dr. Johnson's), and in with Coleridge and Freud first into the bonfire. Then let us refuse to read the theatrical columns of the press, refuse to know anything about the actors, refuse to buy a programme in the theatre, and so settle down to the business of the play with a childlike, placid mind. Let us wilfully expect a play of contemporary life, let us suppose that Shakespeare is at least as alive as Shaw, and therefore subject to criticism. And finally let us get up with a yawn and leave, if we find the play dull. In that way only shall we come near the state of mind of the first-night (or rather, first-noon) audience of the Globe. For they came not even knowing what the play would be, or, at best, dimly guessing that it would be a tragedy, because, perhaps, it was Thursday. They didn't know the author's name, and were quite happy in their ignorance. As for "the harlotry players," Dick Burbage would make long speeches, and Will Kemp would, willy-nilly, play the fool as a country-bumpkin, and that was the end of that. They hadn't read the play, because it wasn't printed; they had no play-bills or programmes, with *dramatis personæ* and synopses of acts and scenes; they had to pick the tale as it went along, just like an old ballad tune. And, above all, they came with open and sincere minds and a goodly store of apples with which to pelt the actors if they didn't like the play. But the pippins never flew; instead, the audience went home, swearing that the play was "most excellent, conceited and lamentable, and withal prettily done, sweet masters;" they took the tragedy to their hearts, as a portion of their lives, and greeted Hamlet as a fellow-man, a little more brilliant, perhaps, and a little more somber than themselves, but still a human being, endowed with their own ready capacity for happiness and pain.

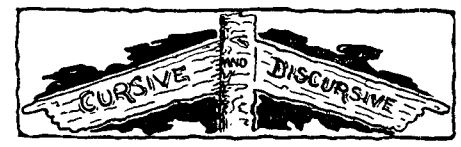
But let us not forget one great aid to an intelligent judgment that this first audience enjoyed. Vaguely they knew that this was a tale of old, unhappy, far-off things, but the actors on the stage were dressed like the ladies and gentlemen of their own time; the whole thing was happening *now*—and so, to *them*, or, at any rate, in their midst. And it is just that last and all-important fillip to the imagination that Mr. Horace Liveright's company are giving to their audiences at present in the Booth Theatre in New York. When Hamlet wears plusfours and goes off to England with a suitcase in his hand, when Laertes wears Oxford trousers and lemon-coloured gloves, when Ophelia has her hair bobbed and shingled and Queen Gertrude smokes cigarettes in a Parisian creation, why, then, we begin to realize that these people are alive like ourselves; we follow their misfortunes with a pleading eye and in the end, we are sorry for them. In short, the kick has come back to the play; it is tragedy again.

And somehow we realize that all these years we have been misunderstanding Hamlet and placing the emphasis in the wrong places and so seeking for a solution of his problem in the wrong corners of the play. When Hamlet pulls out his cigarette case and lights up a cigarette and recites "Oh that this too, too solid flesh," and watches the smoke curl indolently upwards, we know that all this brooding on suicide is a youthful day-dream, and when he drops the cigarette at the mention of his mother's name and stares vacantly at space, we know whence his trouble comes. He is in a state of mental adolescence, where any grief must come with a jar. His father's death fades into nothing at the bars of suspicion of his mother's unfaithfulness, her heartlessness. And so, in a twinkling, Ophelia fades into the background; she is an incident, a plaything, a butterfly crushed on the wheels of Hamlet's greater soul-disturbance, and Queen Gertrude steps forward in her place as the real "heroine" of the play. The grand climax comes in the scene between Hamlet and his mother, when he alternately pleads with her and upbraids her, when he falls down on his knees and makes love to the beautiful woman with a fierce, boyish adoration and then jumps to his feet with a sneering, hysterical laugh to break out into obscene images of lechery and lust. Then dear silly old Polonius squeals behind the curtain and is killed for his pains. And then the poor, tired ghost whispers unseen through Hamlet's excited brain, pleading for his mother, and so Hamlet never learnt the truth—largely because he feared to learn it. And as long as he didn't know the truth, why kill the king? The king was nothing to him — merely, at worst, the servant of his mother's lust, the man who had exploited his mother's sin to gain a crown, and hated by him only because he loved his mother and dreaded to know the truth about her.

When we have at last learnt that this is the tragedy of Hamlet and of his mother, the other characters fall into line and become comprehensible. Ophelia, as I say, fades away into the background as an innocent victim in an unknown tragedy and, after all, Polonius is the author of her troubles, not Hamlet; and Polonius himself is a worthy old diplomatist of the old school, or, perhaps, a Shakespeare critic and professor, wise with the learning of books, interfering pompously with human nature, of which he knows nothing. Young men, says he, go mad for love of green girls, but that they should love their mothers and suffer disillusionment there, that enters not within his ken. And the king really becomes a man, and not a hump-backed rogue. A beautiful woman like Gertrude, the mother of Hamlet, would not fall in love with a mean-looking abortion or a common fool. He is tall, majestic, bland, by far the handsomest man at his own court, and as self-controlled and mature as Hamlet is young and excitable. In fact, we feel that Hamlet resents his calmness and his good looks, as damaging to himself, and denounces him as a drunkard and a sensualist, as satyr and "bloat king," because he wishes to God it were only true.

And what of Shakespeare, the enigmatic personality behind the play? The impression that we bring away from this last "interpretation" is grim and acrid, the sense of a bitterness of mind, which flames up suddenly into coarseness and brutality. Men delighted not Shakespeare just then, nor women either. With all their God-like reason and their infinite capacity, men are mostly fools—dear fools like Hamlet, scheming fools like his uncle, old fools like Polonius, young fools like Laertes, silly fools like Osric, dull fools like the gravediggers. And women are—God knows what—timid, blind, secretive, undisciplined in their affections, responsible for a good deal of masculine folly. And what havoc do parents make of their children's lives, Gertrude of her son's life, Polonius of his daughter's! The whole business of sex leaves Shakespeare irritable and disgusted; somehow it always is put to mean uses. And finally, he becomes cruel and cynical. We *should* like to know for certain that Gertrude had not been faithless to Hamlet's father; or, if that is too much to ask, to know that she *had* been guilty, so that we need not feel that her son's tragedy had been Much ado about Nothing. But, cynically, Shakespeare leaves the question open. Judge for yourself, he seems to say, from your own knowledge of women—your knowledge of your mother, if you like; I have nothing more to tell you, I only know.

Lewis P. Curtis, Yale University, New Haven, Conn., writes that he is preparing a critical edition of the letters of Laurence Sterne and will be grateful for information concerning the whereabouts of Sterne autograph letters.



BOOKS, at least, are not like apartments. The search for a really good book is not nearly so difficult as the search for a really good apartment. Anyone with two dollars or two-fifty can get hold of a pretty good book. And, of course, if money is no object, one can secure a superfine apartment. There are many apartments on the market this season. But suppose you are an idealist and cherish a dream that for—seventy-five dollars, say,—a month, you can come into a heritage of two rooms and bath, light and air, elevator and telephone. Wake up, wake up! There's the alarm clock!

We spent a day house-hunting recently, —excuse us, apartment hunting. We avoided walk-ups. We avoided master's bedrooms and master's baths. They always suggest wealth and extravagance to us, and the pictures of New York society that you see in the Movies. We, of course, went all through the *Times* and marked everything that seemed in the least possible. With anguish we finally tore ourselves away from one announcement that spoke of restaurant, swimming pool, and accessibly-located shops and theatres. We thought it was awfully kind of the shops and theatres to locate that way for the tenant's benefit; but alas, it all looked too rich for our blood. Then there was a roof-garden apartment with hardwood floors that attracted us immensely. In the winter, we thought, you could open the doors and windows and skate on the hardwood floors. And you don't often get country benefits like that in the city! There was another place, though pretty far uptown, where you could overlook tennis-courts. There, if one's ankles were weak, as ours are, one could watch *others* skate on the tennis-courts in the winter.

There was another place overlooking the Schwab mansion. It would be fun to lean out of the window and yodel, "Hoo! Hoo! Charlie!" or "O-oo-oo, Chawley, c'mon over here!" And also, not only were there four bathrooms with each of these apartments, but a washroom also. Evidently you didn't wash in the bathroom, or bath in the washroom, whichever way it was! . . . But then those apartments were ten or twelve rooms, and what would we be doing in ten or twelve rooms? A Marathon? Might make a golf-course, with the bathrooms for natural hazards. But we were sure that that apartment would cost thousands and thousands. We reluctantly bid it good-bye.

There was a furnished apartment that promised a Victrola, a real kitchen and twin beds. There was a tidy little place somewhere up on 211th street. Too far to walk in the morning! There were three "cozy" rooms further down town, just below where the hundreds begin. But that "cozy" threw us off. We didn't want to be cozy, we wanted to be comfortable. As for a few other places, like Cathedral Parkway, Yonkers, Tulsa, Okla., and South Bend, Ind., we had determined to avoid commuting if possible.

We almost came to the conclusion that we had better take a room at the Hotel Eugenie Natalie ($20 a week and up). But everything available they had was "up"—80 per cent up, as we figured it.

So we think that, after all, we are going to return to our cabin in the woods, with our books.

No! Thank heaven one doesn't have to hunt for books like homes through advertisements. How much better books are than apartments. Oh to be a character-in-fiction, now that winter's here,—and live in a book. All you have to do is to sidle into an illustrated novel and depend on the illustrator. Illustrator's ideas of where characters live and how they dress, and all that, are so gorgeous. You rarely see an uncomfortable-looking room in an illustration. Illustrators draw too much for the ads, where they can make linoleum and varnish look like millions.

Well, alas! We can't live in a book,—but we shall cease, anyway, poring over the fine print at sixty cents an agate line. Even "Newly decorated. Near Riverside Drive" has ceased to tempt us. For the seventy-five dollars we were going to throw away, recklessly, like that, we can purchase a new library every month. And for the security charge of an extra month's rent to be deducted from the last month of the lease, we can buy a whole flock of new book-cases. W. R. B.

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK [illegible]

ANOTHER TAMERLANE FOUND

THE current catalogue of Goodspeed's Book Shop of Boston brings to news of the discovery of a new copy of Edgar Allan Poe's "Tamerlane and Other Poems," Boston, 1827, a rarity much sought after by collectors. It is described as being crisp and clean with its original wrappers intact and in fine condition, making it one of the two best copies in existence. This copy, it appears, was presented in 1834 to a young lady often living in Milford, Mass., by a friend nine years older. After this lady's death it passed to her niece, from whom it was purchased by Mr. Goodspeed. This copy makes five that are known. The first was purchased by the British Museum from Henry Stevens for a shilling. The second after changing hands many times became the property of Henry E. Huntington and is now in his library at San Gabriel, Cal. The third, the Didier-Halsey copy, is owned by a Boston collector. The fourth copy is in the hands of W. A. Clark. It is unbound and lacks the covers. The first edition of "Tamerlane" brought sensationally high prices as long as twenty years ago. In 1919 a copy brought $11,600 at auction at the Anderson Galleries. The sensationally high prices which this rarity has brought, makes the discovery of a new copy a bibliographical event of great importance.

COOPER AT YALE

THE new Sterling Memorial Library at Yale University is to have a new room for its James Fenimore Cooper collection. Yale has had a steadily growing Cooper collection for a long time. It has included about all of his first editions and about everything that has been written about him. But now this collection is to be augmented by a gift of letters, documents, and manuscripts—the Cooper family papers—from James Fenimore Cooper of Cooperstown, N. Y., grandson of the novelist, covering the period from 1800 to 1850, and of the greatest literary importance. Included in the manuscripts are the series of Leather Stocking Tales and other novels. In addition to the three surviving diaries of the novelist, there are about 300 letters written to members of his family, letters to him from his wife [illegible] and other portions [illegible] by David. There [illegible] written to the [illegible] distinguished men as [illegible] Morse, William Dunlap, [illegible] Washington Irving, La[illegible] Walter Scott. Much of [illegible] never been published as Cooper forbade the publication of any [illegible] tried about himself by his [illegible] living. This is a very [illegible] of literary material that has come into the possession of Cooper's alma [illegible].

NEW YORK'S FIRST PRINTER.

WILLIAM BRADFORD, founder of *The New York Gazette*, New York's first newspaper, the first issue of which appeared Nov. 8, 1725 and whose 200th anniversary of its first issue is now being celebrated, was born in England in 1658, and reached the great age of 94 years. He was among the Quakers brought over by William Penn in 1682, and three years later he set up the third printing press in the Colonies, and the first south of New England. He settled in New York in 1693, set up the first press in the province, and printed the laws of the Colony. For thirty years he was the only printer here, and he held the post of public printer for half a century. In 1725 he began the publication of *The New York Gazette*, the fourth newspaper in the Colonies. Various Bradfords, several of them of this William Bradford's family, were conspicuous in the early history of America's colonization, development and independent existence. The Bradford who came to Plymouth in the Mayflower and was at one time governor of Plymouth Plantation, succeeding Carver, was of course of a different line. But the Bradford name is one of the most notable to be found in our early history.

WASHINGTON AS LETTER WRITER.

THE recent publication of Washington's complete diaries and many new letters has called attention anew to him as a letter writer. The New York *Times*, referring to some Washington letters recently printed in its columns, says:

"Not only were most of these letters written in Washington's own hand and signed by him; he probably wrote out first in his own hand the letter in the copper-plate hand of his amanuensis which was sent to General Cornwallis. Not less remarkable than the fact that he found time to do this in the midst of his responsibilities and variety of compulsions, which must have been the heaviest of his day, are the range of his interest and the thoroughness with which he considered the minutiæ of every matter that had his attention. He gives detailed information to a friend about schools, presenting the relative advantages of Andover and Hingham (stating incidentally that the price of tuition, board and room was about $2 a week) and promising further reports. He discusses at length the prospective marriage of a relative; he writes with precision and prevision about corn for his distillery; and he even assumes to act as amanuensis for Mrs. Washington.

COMING SALES AT SOTHEBY'S.

THE London auction rooms are beginning to get busy. Important sales will soon be held at Sotheby's where most of the rarities are sold.

On Nov. 16 and 17 illuminated manuscripts and printed books, autograph letters and historical documents from the famous collection of the late John, Lord Northwick, with other consignments will be sold. These selections include rare sixteenth century tracts, a fine binding by Clovis Eve, the best products of the modern private presses, works with colored plates, French illustrated books of the eighteenth century, fifteen fine letters and poems in the handwriting of Robert Burns, a fine series of letters by Lord Nelson, together with a miscellaneous collection of autograph letters of great interest including Beethoven, Washington, Franklin, Browning, Richardson, and other famous men.

On Nov. 23, 24 and 25 a selected portion of the library at Sprotborough Hall, Doncaster, the property of Lord Cromwell, will be sold. This collection contains some very rare material, including an unrecorded poem "On the Late Massacre in Virginia," by Christopher Brooke, 1622; Milton's "Paradise Lost," 1667, in unique state, having both the first title and the argument; a collection of early year books printed by Pynson & Redman and of the greatest rarity; Shakespeare's "History of Henry the Fourth," 1639; a Second Folio, 1632, also rare English tracts, poems and plays of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

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* * *

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The Phoenix Nest

WE CONFESS a theft! Calling the other day on our eminent and amiable book-dealing friend, *Gabriel Wells*, we snitched from his desk a letter written by *Bernard Shaw* to *Clement Shorter*,—no, not the actual letter, but a copy that was lying about. Here it is, and we make no apologies, because we can't think of any to make!

Spa Hotel,
Strathpeffer, N. B.
16th Sept. 1925.

My dear Clement Shorter,

Wretched health is now inexcusable. If you are ill, take nothing but water until you are well. Slight illnesses succumb in two days: malignant chronic diseases hold out for fifty; but the result—so Ellis Barker and all the Health People assure me from experience—is certain. I wish you'd try it before I do.

The Stead letter is no good. A few months ago the *Review of Reviews* wanted to publish it; but when it came to the point we found that it had already been published. It has therefore no claim to a place in your series.

I have been out of reach of Cnoc mo Ruin since the 19th of July, exploring the north of Scotland from this to the Shetlands. I have traversed every road that a car can tackle, and one or two that it can't. The surprise is the soft southern climate of the north coast and the islands. The people are as pleasant as the Irish pretend to be and aren't. Try a tour next year from the middle of June to the middle of August. The butter and potatoes and milk are unapproached elsewhere on earth.

ever

G. B. S.

* * * So now you know what to do when you're sick, and where to get butter, potatoes, and milk! * * * The first instalment of *Thomas Burke's* new novel will appear in the Christmas *Bookman*. It is called "The Sun in Splendour". The subtle wistfulness of the old Limehouse stories is said to pervade it. * * * Certainly "The Wind and the Rain" was a rattling autobiography. Read it, if you haven't. * * * * * * *Vachel Lindsay* and *Mrs. Lindsay* are now at the Hotel Brevoort. Vachel's recent marriage was followed by an extensive trip through Glacier National Park. He says he is proud of Indian blood in his veins which dates to some generations back. He is much interested in the Northwest Indian Congress at Spokane, Washington. * * * We wonder who will win the "Ariel"—"Glorious Apollo" contest. If *Edward John Trelawny* were only alive there would be no doubt about it! * * * The "Memoirs of *Leon Daudet*," son of *Alphonse Daudet*, leading royalist politician, moving spirit of the *Camelots du Roi*, and friend or enemy of nearly every person of importance in French literature, politics, medicine, and art for a generation, ought to be an absorbing autobiography. *Lincoln MacVeagh* has published it at the Dial Press. * * * "Telegraphing" books has now been made possible by the action taken by the American Booksellers Association at its twenty-fifth annual convention. Books may be sent from distant cities within the space of a few hours. * * * All you have to do is go to any book or department store that shows the American Booksellers Association sign, choose the book you wish, and within a few hours at most it will be delivered by telegraph to the most distant point. * * * This certainly ought to be a valuable Christmas season service! * * * *Robertus Love* of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* recently got a communication from the Circulation Department of this esteemed publication addressed to *Miss* Robertus Love. "For a great many years," sighs Robertus, "I have been getting my sex altered in the mails, and I am sore about it. I deny positively that I am a woman!" * * * "England's best novel of the year," says the blurb about "The Tortoiseshell Cat", *Naomi G. Royde-Smith's* clever, witty, and sometimes daring narrative about London in 1912-13. * * * We wonder, considerably! * * * The second volume of *Padraic Colum's* "Tales and Legends of Hawaii," under the title of "The Bright Islands," is now out, through the Yale University Press, with very interesting illustrations by *Juliette May Fraser*. Volume One was "At the Gateways of the Day." * * * These volumes are published for the Hawaiian Legend and Folklore Commission, and the material for them was collected by Mr. Colum in the Islands themselves. * * * Beside the purely Hawaiian stories there are some with backgrounds of New Zealand and the Islands of the South Pacific. * * * The Poems of *George Cram Cook* are now published under the title of "Greek Coins," with memorabilia by *Edna Kenton*, *Susan Glaspell*, and *Floyd Dell*. George Cram Cook is principally known for his plays and his great work in organizing and developing The Provincetown Players. * * * He was born in Davenport, Iowa, and was, until 1911, a journalist. His widow, Susan Glaspell, is a well-known novelist and playwright. * * * The Greeks are reviving the famous Pythian games in George Cram Cook's honour, this next year. * * * *Henry Beston's* "The Book of Gallant Vagabonds" is not without its fascination. It numbers among its vagabonds *Edward John Trelawny* and the astonishing *Arthur Rimbaud*. * * * *Dorothy Speare's* new novel has the rather pretentious title, "The Girl Who Cast Out Fear." The theme is the problem of a modern girl's retaining her own individuality in marriage. This is the precocious Miss Speare's third novel about the younger generation. * * * In "The Science of Playwriting," *Mr. Moses L. Malevinsky*, the outstanding legal authority in the theatrical world, has made a systematic study of the literature dealing with the theatre, and has, according to his publishers, "reduced playwriting to an algebraic formula, and thrown a scientific bomb into the camp of the creative artists." * * * Well, "the basic dramaturgical situations from which plays may be written are those compassed by the gamut of human emotions," pronounces Mr. Malevinsky, and proceeds to compile alphabetically in seven pages a list of emotions, such as "anger," "avarice," "anxiety," etc., etc., etc. * * * Mr. Malevinsky proceeds on this basis to analyze various plays. In "Ghosts," for instance, the theme is "dread;" the "crucible" is "heritage," and so on. * * * In regard to "Abie's Irish Rose," Mr. Malevinsky lays its audiences to "a most remarkable unity of thought and expression." He classifies nine separate elements of love in it, concentrated in a single play. * * * Yet, in our own opinion, the popularity of this play depends upon something even more fundamental. Had Abie been a Roumanian and Rosie a Finn, "Abie's Finnish Rose" would have been a finish indeed, if not a flop. The success of this drama depends upon the figures in the census. * * * That is our own arithmetical formula. * * * We thank you!

THE PHOENICIAN

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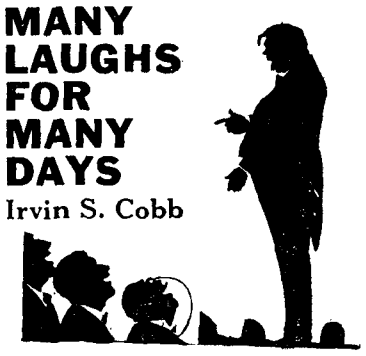

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